The Nation.

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The Week.

EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON has the reputation of being an astute politician, and so has Gen. New, his "manager." The latter's authorized interview, therefore, in which he asserts, in the name of his chief, that Mr. Harrison is "not a candidate," though it is "absurd to say that he has withdrawn," but that he would advise against the nomination of either Reed or McKinley, was doubtless well-considered and is to be regarded as an important political move. It means that there is to be open warfare between the three from this time on. In this sense Gen. New would probably regard it as an "aggressive" stroke. No more secret intriguing and subsoiling, no more McKinley embassies to Indiana to say that, of course, Harrison will have the vote of his own State on the first ballot, but, when the break-up comes, why, just look over the border. It may be doubted, however, if Messrs. Reed and McKinley will be more pained than pleased by the Harrison announcement that they are not to be his residuary legatees. If his political estate is to come into the Surrogate's Court at all, that is the main thing. They will be willing to take their chances of getting a good slice of it, with or without the good wishes or consent of the testator. Why Harrison should dislike Reed is intelligible on the ground of giving as good as he gets from that quarter. But his stroke at McKinley seems scarcely magnanimous. He effusively signed the McKinley bill, and made an unexampled collection of clippings from the obscure English press bearing on that wonder of statesmanship, and worked them off in his letter of acceptance and final message to Congress. It shows, at any rate, that Gen. Harrison's courage is rising. Perhaps Gen. New will yet tell us what his man, who is not a candidate, thinks about free silver.

The financial plank in the Syracuse Democratic platform marks a step in advance toward the only rational settlement of the currency question. The corresponding plank of the Saratoga Republican platform was excellent also, although not so advanced as the other. We presume that a majority, indeed a large majority, of both parties in the State of New York are in favor of retiring the greenbacks and relieving the Government of all responsibility for the ultimate gold reserve of the country, yet the Democrats have been the first to say so, and they are entitled to credit for so much. The plank is in these words:

"(14.) Sound money; gold and silver the only legal tenders; no currency inconvertible with coin; gradual retirement and extinction of the greenback currency; no free and unlimited coinage of silver."

This plank is not unlikely to foreshadow the policy of the Administration at the coming session of Congress, but upon that point we have no information. No policy could be more timely or more certain to win in the long run. If the Republicans should put themselves in opposition to it, they would fight a losing battle. Enthusiasm for the greenback as a veteran of the war and a relic of patriotism has nearly worn out. The public have had a good deal of light on this subject in the past two years, and are now prepared to listen to purely financial arguments. Whenever the time comes that the question is to be decided on financial grounds exclusively, the greenback will be sent, in one way or another, to its final resting-place, and the country will once more have peace. Of course there will be a demand for some other paper circulating-medium to take the place of the greenback, but when public attention is once seriously fixed upon this problem, the necessary means will be found.

Mr. Perry Belmont's speech at the Syracuse convention was acute in its analysis of the financial troubles which beset the country and of their origin and cure. They are all traceable to the greenback. They are the direct progeny of that mischievous and mistaken "war measure." This was a Republican measure, as Mr. Belmont points out, but no political capital can be made out of that circumstance adverse to the party, because all war measures, however mistaken they may have been, are now held to be sacred. When we come to later times, we shall find that the Democrats have no call to boast over their opponents in devotion to sound money or in the display of wisdom in discerning what sound money consists of. Here Mr. Belmont's speech is open to criticism. He tries to segregate the Democrats of New York for the purposes of praise, ignoring the party in other States *pro tempore*. It is true that the party has had a good record in New York in this respect. The names of Seymour, Tilden, Manning, Belmont, and Cleveland (easily chief) are not to be surpassed, perhaps not equalled, in the Republican party in this State or in any other. It is true, nevertheless, and will be accepted as such by most people without proof, that the Republican party as a whole has been sounder than the Democratic party as a whole. It is susceptible of proof, too, that the most mischievous errors the Republican party has committed since the war have been those to which they were driven by the Democrats—by the Democratic desire and purpose to do something worse. This is especially true of the Sherman act of 1890. The Democrats wanted to pass an act for the free coinage of silver, and did pass it through the Senate. The Republicans passed the Sherman act as a lesser evil. It is true that the Republican party was then in power and was chargeable with the mischievous consequences of that act. Yet when we "take the temperature" of the two parties at that time, we certainly do not find any occasion for boasting that the Democrats were then the sounder of the two.

Senator Sherman made an *ad captandum* speech at Springfield, Ohio, the other day, which furnishes a mark for Mr. Belmont to shoot at, and, in fact, he hits it pretty near the centre. Mr. Sherman said that "the Republican party during thirty years of power furnished for the first time a truly American currency." What is meant by a truly American currency? If it is any advantage to a currency to be truly American, as Mr. Sherman implies, that advantage was shared by the Continental currency, for nothing could be more truly American than that was. No foreign nation had anything to do with it. They would not even accept it in payment for goods. The only essential difference between Continental money and greenbacks was that the latter were eventually made equal to gold. But gold is not peculiarly American. There is much testimony to be had, from the followers of Bland and from the readers of 'Coin's Financial School,' that gold is foreign. Therefore the specie-redemption act, which Mr. Sherman had something to do with in 1874-'75, could not have been the thing which he had in mind when he told the people at Springfield that the Republican party had for thirty years furnished, *for the first time*, a truly American currency. What did he have in mind? The Republican party has furnished during that interval several different kinds of money, such as greenbacks, silver dollars, silver certificates, Treasury notes, and national bank-notes. Are all of these equally American? If so, why have we discontinued the supply of that portion of them consisting of silver or resting upon it? Is not silver sufficiently American?

Senator Hill is said by his admirers to be in a somewhat perturbed, if not dejected, frame of mind over the political outlook in this State. He is opposed to having the committee headquarters established in this city, preferring Albany as both a cheaper place and one more remote from local quarrels which disturb party serenity. We should suppose, after his experience in "personally conducting" the last two campaigns,

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that of Maynard and his own, that he would enter upon a third with some gloom. He made a tremendous fight for Maynard in 1893, and lost the State by 101,000. He made another tremendous fight for himself in 1894, and lost the State by 156,000. In both these campaigns he struck the "keynote" in a speech which his admirers declared to be "masterly," but it was clear from the way in which they voted subsequently that the people of the State had not taken stock in it. He has sounded the "keynote" again this year, but there are no signs that the people have paid much heed to it. The simple fact is that they are tired of Mr. Hill. They have had ten or eleven years of personal experience with his kind of politics, and they do not care for any more.

New Jersey citizens are going about with the bewildered air befitting men who are confronted with two first-class nominees for Governor. The thing is so unprecedented that their special wonder is pardonable. Shut up, as they have usually been, to a desperate choice of evils, it will take them some weeks yet to get accustomed to the idea that, whether it be Mr. Griggs or Chancellor McGill who is to be given the governorship next month, the interests of the State will be in the keeping of an intelligent and firm and incorruptible man. Such nominations draw the fangs of partisanship. No respectable Democrat has a word to say against Mr. Griggs, or doubts that he would make an able and honest Governor; no respectable Republican has aught but praise for Chancellor McGill personally. The latter's bearing has certainly been admirable. He has attended strictly to the business of his court, and will continue to do so, saying that he must give all his time to the important cases pending before him. He can dispose of them all by January 1 if he is elected Governor, and if he is not, he says it will not matter. The only condition he is known to have insisted upon as indispensable if he was to take the nomination was the retirement of the discredited chairman of the Democratic State committee; and accordingly that functionary withdrew from the scene on Thursday, with much muttering and cursing. This speaks well for the Chancellor's boldness and determination, and argues, as indeed his whole career and character argue, that the shattered remains of the old Democratic ring will have nothing to hope from him as Governor.

Rhode Island had an election last week—or, at least, it went through the forms of one, for so few people took any interest in the matter at issue that the vote was absurdly small. The question to be decided was whether the Constitution should be so amended as to substitute biennial elections for the annual system, but unfortunately it was complicated with provisions regarding the composition of the Senate and the method of electing Representatives that were objectionable to many who favored the idea of fewer elections. A three-fifths vote is required in Rhode Island to carry an amendment to the Constitution, and the proposed change fell far short of a majority, while the total poll was only 17,696, as compared with over 43,700 cast for Governor last April, and over 54,800 at the State election in 1894. In addition to the opposition caused by the subsidiary features of the amendment, there was a lack of interest in the subject, and also, according to the Providence *Journal*, a general "unwillingness to give up every other year the opportunities to make a dollar, honestly or otherwise, on election day"; this last form of opposition being most conspicuous in the distinctively "boodle" towns of the back country. The force of tradition in favor of frequent elections is also perhaps stronger in Rhode Island than anywhere else, as the original custom in that State made them only six months apart.

For some time past, the same spirit that made Knownothingism sweep like a flood across Massachusetts forty years ago has been reviving in that State under the guise of the A. P. A. movement, and public men were notified that anybody who dared to stand up in the Republican party against the introduction of religious proscription into our politics should be punished. A few weeks ago the golden jubilee of a highly respected Roman Catholic archbishop took place in Boston. Governor Greenhalge was invited to attend as the representative of the State, and he declined to evade the issue by the convenient plea of a previous engagement or any other such device. Bringing, as he said, the "greetings of the Commonwealth," he paid official and personal tribute to the Archbishop, "as a man of God and a citizen of Massachusetts"; declared that "we have been growing together," and that "a spirit of liberalism has brightened every sect, every denomination, every party, every race"; and added that "the fifty years of godly, righteous, and sober life which you have met to recognize, is something which comes home even to the narrowest bigotry and to the narrowest mind"—a rebuke to religious spite which provoked "tremendous applause" from his Catholic audience and aroused the intense indignation of the Protestant "bigots" in the Governor's own party, from which the A. P. A. organization draws its chief strength.

Governor Greenhalge is now serving his second term. Custom in Massachusetts gives a satisfactory executive three terms. If the incumbent had remained a "regular" of the type of "Rising Sun Stove Polish" Morse, for example, nobody would have thought of opposing his renomination this year. But having turned out so much of a Mugwump, the baser elements in the party resolved to secure his defeat. The disappointed machine politicians whose bill to extend the policy of State control of municipal police he vetoed in the cases of Holyoke and Woburn; the spoilsmen who could not forgive him even though his veto of the "veterans' preference bill" had not been sustained in the Legislature; the bigots who cannot bear the idea of treating a Catholic as a citizen of equal rights with a Protestant, joined hands to elect delegates in the Republican caucuses who would insist upon the nomination of some other man. The caucuses were held last week, and the result was most encouraging to all believers in decent politics. The combination against the Governor utterly failed, and his renomination by a large majority in this week's convention is assured. A great triumph for independence is thus achieved, the more striking that it is won for a man who has risen to this higher plane from the lower level of hide-bound partisanship on which he began his public career.

A striking illustration of the carelessness with which legislators do their work is afforded by the present situation in Texas. Some years ago that State permitted prize-fighting upon payment of a $500 tax for every encounter. Later a law was passed prohibiting such fights, and imposing heavy penalties for a violation of the statute. Then a revision of both the civil and the penal codes was made by the last Legislature, this work being completed last April. When the projected fight at Dallas a few weeks hence was announced, the discovery was made that the new civil code contains the old provision legalizing prize-fights upon payment of a tax, while the new criminal code includes the section prohibiting and punishing them. This raised the question as to which of the conflicting laws should prevail over the other, and this in turn the question as to which became law the earlier, the issue being complicated by the fact that neither code received the Governor's approval, and that the one which got through the Legislature first happened to be presented to the executive last. So inextricable was the tangle that there seemed no way out of it except by calling an extra session of the Legislature.

The proposition to insert in the new Constitution of South Carolina a restriction of office-holding to white men recalls the now generally forgotten fact that the fifteenth amendment to the federal Constitution, as originally reported to the Senate, included the right "to hold office," as well as "to vote," as one which "shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or any State on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude," but that the office-holding clause was stricken out before it finally got through Congress. Senator Howard of Michigan, a leading Re-

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publican, opposed the suggestion as by a plain implication giving to Congress authority to fix and establish religious tests for office. He held that the right to vote did not necessarily cover the right to hold office, and that each State ought to have power to set up such restrictions upon the latter as it thought wise. As this office-holding clause was originally reported and after full discussion stricken out, it may be argued that a State may make a particular color or nationality a bar to office-holding without violating the federal Constitution; but even the Bourbons of South Carolina see so clearly the injustice and impolicy of such a course that they voted down the proposition to exclude the black man from eligibility to office.

There seems to have been a lack of clear legal proof against the Cubans tried in Wilmington, Del., for organizing a military expedition against Spain in violation of our laws. Their acquittal was therefore justified, though it is plain from the spirit in which the case was conducted—the temper of the press and the public, the address of counsel, the wild hurrahs in the court and on the streets with which the verdict was received—that an acquittal would equally have followed much stronger evidence. Our solemn national obligation to enforce the neutrality laws and live up to our treaty with Spain would have, we fear, little weight with a jury in many parts of this country. In this particular case there does not appear to have been a miscarriage of justice; but one might easily result in another trial of the kind, which would be a national shame. One can scarcely imagine a hit-or-miss jury sensitive on a point of national honor. Happily, the authorities at Washington are acting as if they really believed a government was as much bound as a gentleman to keep plighted faith, and we are sure they will not relax their vigilance in preventing us from having an *Alabama* case thrown back in our faces.

The law of nations had a bad time of it in Chicago Monday night, at the meeting to free Cuba by resolution. Two speakers openly "defied" it, and a Congressman, the Hon. W. E. Mason, "wanted an immediate repeal of that law, which was only intended to prevent one nation from interfering while another was committing depredations of some kind." He will doubtless introduce a bill for that purpose early in the next session, and will include in it, we hope, while he is about it, provisions for the repeal of international exchange of currency and mails, payment of international debts, extradition of criminals, foreign travel, and all the other odious and insulting relations which foreigners would thrust upon this proud and free people. Mr. Mason is only comic; but what about the leading Chicago clergymen who lent their presence and voices to what was, in substance, a meeting to encourage international lawlessness? Had they any trustworthy evidence upon which to base their charges of "unspeakable cruelty" against the Spanish troops in Cuba? We venture to say not a scintilla, except the exaggerated reports of lying newspapers. How do they know that the course of the Cubans is "more humane"? The Cubans themselves boast of the ravages and desolation which they are making with torch and dynamite. When religious leaders are thus violent in their ignorance, when a Protestant bishop declares his willingness to aid in "raising an army to help these people win their independence," we get some idea of what the wild passions of the mob would bring on us if we had a great navy eager to execute their behests.

Free Trade, we regret to say, has again been guilty of "astounding frauds," "amazing exaggerations," and "absurd inflation." The way of it was this: In a newspaper identified with neither Free Trade nor accuracy, it was asserted on Labor Day (note the peculiar malevolence of this) that the wages of 420,000 men had been increased under the operation of the Wilson tariff. But the *Tribune* was able to see, "almost at the first glance," that the lists given were "a body of most glaring frauds," and on Monday, after keeping up its glances for a month, proceeded to "strip" the record of the year of the "frauds and falsehoods" with which Free Traders have tried to cover it. Truly it is a painful, a most humiliating exposure. You dare assert that the wages of 420,000 men have been increased, do you? Well, what will you say, where will you hide, when you learn from the *Tribune* that the real number is only a beggarly 336,840? Democratic platforms are trying to deceive the people about advancing wages. But mark how the *Tribune's* plain tale shall put them down. In March, it says, 15,000 men got increased wages, in April 77,490 (but after Congress had adjourned, "and not before"—put that down), in July 77,000, and "since less than 40,000 per month." Free Trade will scarcely survive this. The wages of only 336,840 men increased, and the increase now going on at the rate of less than 40,000 per month!

A Treasury surplus of $3,000,000 for September may be a good thing for the country, but it has had an alarming effect on the expert whom the *Tribune* keeps at Washington to expose our wretched tariff law and the more wretched officials who administer it. The vision of free-traders "exulting" over this surplus has been too much for the poor head of this unfortunate gentleman, and he fills the air with shrieks about "a sham," "a false pretence," "an attempt to deceive the country," "a forced balance." His only comfort is that there will be a tremendous deficit this month, and a still bigger one in November. For the sake of this pitiable victim of the mania for protection statistics, all good Christians will hope there may be. One more surplus would finish him. Meanwhile, the prosaic business world, with a cruel indifference to exulting free-traders or ululating protectionists, will reckon the surplus as simply one of many signs of improving business. In their heart of hearts, Republicans themselves, except the McKinley faction, are devoutly praying that the existing tariff may produce sufficient revenue. If it does not, they will have to devise some new taxes; somebody will have to pay those taxes; in that way votes may be lost, and how then can the country be saved from the horrors of Democratic rule?

The anthropological section of the British Association had a lively discussion at Ipswich on the question of "Interference with the Civilization of Other Races." Prof. Flinders Petrie led off, and only those who had had actual experience in uncivilized countries took part in the debate. It was generally agreed that the complacent Briton, the German, the Frenchman, who had undertaken to make Matabeles, Samoans, and Hovas altogether such as they are themselves, in dress, manners, and morals, had shown but a dim idea of the real problem before them. Even granting the best intentions on the part of European colonists and administrators, their ignorance, their cool assumption that their own civilization must appear as charming to everybody else as it does to themselves, lead continually to outrages on native feeling, to exasperation, often to revolt. For example, as Prof. Haddon remarked, great evil has been wrought in savage lands by the persistence of excellent Englishmen in "confusing clothing with morality." One traveller declared that the self-denying and energetic missionaries in Australia "neutralized their efforts by insisting upon the natives wearing clothes," in a country where the amount of clothes had absolutely no relation to the amount of morality. This is but an instance of the harm wrought by the lack of a sympathetic imagination, which is required to put even the best-intentioned administrator in a position to do anything of permanent value for the natives. They do not want to be civilized at all, in the bourgeois British sense; the manners of the superior race seem to them shockingly immoral; they are able to see few blessings of condescending European rule except the loss of their property, increased taxes, and decimated numbers. This is a painful but necessary truth for those to consider, in this country as well as in Europe, who are so benevolently bent on forcing superior laws and morals upon feeble races. They can easily make themselves hateful and horrifying, while the good they aim at is rendered very problematical.

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READY FOR ACTION.

THE two "great parties" in this State—a somewhat cumbrous way of designating Dave Hill and Tom Platt, which we observe because it is the usual form—have now "cleared the deck for action," and an opportunity is afforded for comparing the principles for which they stand in the approaching campaign. As everybody knows, there was really only one issue which was pressing for solution when the two party conventions met, namely, that of the excise laws. Both bodies were asked to say where they stand upon this, and it was thought possible that both might meet it in the only really intelligent and rational way, by favoring the submission of it to the people of each city, town, or village for solution. This is the principle of home rule or local option. The Republicans met it by saying, under compulsion, that "we favor the maintenance of the Sunday laws in the interests of labor and morality." There is no local option in that, but a distinct refusal to declare for local option. If the declaration means anything, it means the maintenance of the present excise laws unchanged, and their rigorous enforcement.

The Democrats regarded this Republican resolution first as a "dodge," and second as a declaration in favor of a "Puritanical Sunday." They were sure it was a defiance of the foreign-born vote, and they were voluble in promises of a manly declaration in favor of home rule and local option when their convention should meet. They put forth their platform on September 24, and the excise plank in it is as far ahead of the Republican plank, considered as a "dodge," as the mind of the political man could conceive. It favors "enforcement of all laws," a "proper observation of a day of rest, and an orderly Sunday," "modification or repeal of laws unsupported by public opinion"; opposes flatly "blue laws," and calls fearlessly for the "recognition of the fundamental principle of freedom of conscience." Having thus approached cautiously the question of the hour, it declares for "home rule in excise as well as in other matters," but qualifies that instantly by adding, "within reasonable limitations established to protect the interests of temperance and morality." No harm done thus far. The Republican declaration in favor of the "interests of labor and morality" is thus fairly and neatly offset with the "interests of temperance and morality." This achievement so encouraged the platform-builders that they went ahead boldly and finished this plank by declaring in favor of "an amendment of the excise and other laws by the Legislature of the State which shall permit each municipality expressing its sentiments by a popular vote to determine, within such proper legislative restrictions as shall be required by the interests of the entire State, what may best suit its special necessities and conditions." Done into plain English that means: "We favor just so much local option as the people of the whole State, acting through the Legislature, are willing to grant." It pledges the party to no action in the Legislature which will offend the sensibilities of the country voters.

The simple truth is, that both conventions were afraid to favor local option through fear of the voters outside the large cities. No sooner had the Republicans adopted their plank in convention than the leaders of their party in the cities began to explain that it had no application except in the country districts, that in the cities the party was in favor of local option. The Democrats have tried to gain a point on the Republicans by drawing a resolution which would put them on the Sunday-observance side in the country and on the local-option side in the city: and to persons below the ordinary level of intelligence their hodge-podge may be read in those two ways, according to personal taste and bias. It is delightful to read after it a "scathing" denunciation of the Republicans for "hypocrisy and dishonesty" on the excise issue designed to "deceive the people." That is *the* gem of the platform, next to the rousing call for the "intelligent and liberal promotion of agriculture."

What the two conventions have done, in fact, is to eliminate the excise issue from the State canvass and relegate it to the legislative districts. This is where it really belongs, and in the separate districts it can be fought out most satisfactorily. In the so-called rural districts there will be no difference of opinion on the subject between the two parties. All the candidates will be against local option, as they are uniformly against all home rule for cities. In the city districts both parties promise now to be in favor of local option. The only course for voters to follow who wish for more liberal laws, or for the granting of local option, is to vote for those candidates who can be most surely depended upon to keep their pledges. It is a safe rule to follow that no Tammany candidate's pledges are worth anything on this or any other issue. Whatever change there may be in future in the excise laws, nothing of the desirable kind will ever come through Tammany aid. The present laws are of Tammany origin, and they represent Tammany desires in this matter—that is to say, they furnish a basis for blackmail and corruption. It should be borne in mind also that even if Tammany were to succeed in the next election, it would be powerless either to change the excise laws or to mitigate the rigor of their enforcement, for Gov. Morton will remain in office till January, 1897, and the present Police Board is not likely to go out of office or to change its policy before the expiration of Mayor Strong's term on January 1, 1898. What good can the dissatisfied German or other voters accomplish for themselves, therefore, by voting with Tammany this year? Their only hope of accomplishing anything in the way of relief is through the election to the Legislature of men of their way of thinking.

As a general principle, it is better to vote for a Republican than for a Democratic legislative candidate, unless the latter be a man who is squarely pledged to favor municipal and other reform measures, and whose character is such as to give assurance of his keeping his promises. It is always possible to force a Republican member who is not inclined to do his duty to yield to the force of public opinion and to favor reform measures, but a Tammany member is invariably for Tammany, and a Democratic member is rarely or never found voting with reformers. Not a single Democratic member of either house last year voted in favor of one of the reform measures for this city. From the beginning to the end of the session the entire Democratic membership stood side by side with the Platt men against reform measures of all kinds. This is the deadly record against them, and it must be kept in mind by every voter who wishes to secure desirable legislation, on excise or any other subject, at Albany next winter.

JINGO MORALITY.

THERE is a Jingoism which is as ignorant as a horse, and which snorts and paws and falls into panic fear like that noble animal. Ex-Congressman Finerty gave a fine example of this at the convention of Irish societies in Chicago last week. He professed a fine disdain for "neutrality laws": what were they as against a nation's freedom? He respected American laws as much as any man, but he would "hail the superb vision of a hundred thousand armed men breaking the neutrality laws to liberate Cuba, or of a half million breaking them with England in behalf of Ireland's independence." Jingoism of this comic, ranting description we laugh at, as most people did at ex-Gov. Campbell's display as Jingo low comedian in Tammany Hall on July 4. When Finerty wants so passionately to shed his blood for Cuba, or Campbell his for Venezuela, the American people are not so easily gulled as to take them literally. "What office is he after now?" is the common and sufficient comment.

But there is a Jingoism which comes to us in quite another guise. It is clad in the soft raiment of an attractive literary style and wears an appearance of high philosophy. In fine Hegelian phrases it talks about a nation coming to self-consciousness, suddenly awaking to the fact that it has international duties as well as international rights, and preparing to go forth with lofty benevolence, like a knight of the Round Table, to redress wrongs and establish justice the world over. Capt. Mahan is, of course, the leading exponent

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of this refined Jingoism, and his article in the October *Harper's*, on "The Future in relation to American Naval Power," exhibits his cast of mind completely. He appears to be so amiable and cultivated, and has such a delightful way of running off under cover of a lot of vague phrases just when you think he really means to tell you what the danger is, whom we have got to fight, and why we must have no end of big ships and guns, that it is hard to take offence at him. Yet the moral drift of his doctrine crops out here and there in spite of himself, and it must be said that his international morality, as thus revealed, is substantially the same thing as that of Finerty.

Capt. Mahan explicitly denies that there is any moral quality whatever about an act of international aggression, provided the aggression be undertaken by a superior race or system against an inferior race or system. His chosen example is the British occupation of Egypt. To discuss the morality of this, he says, is "as little to the point as the morality of an earthquake." It was for the benefit of the world at large and of the people of Egypt—no matter what the latter might think about it, or how they would have voted about it—and that is enough. Tacitly, he makes the same doctrine apply to the great expansion of the foreign power of the United States, which he foresees and for which he wants a navy "developed in proportion to the reasonable possibilities of the political future." What those possibilities are he nowhere says, and he gives the reader no chance of judging whether they are reasonable or not. But he speaks again and again of the development of the nation and of national sentiment as a "natural force," moving on to its desired end, unconscious and unmoral. What he says of British domination over Egypt, Capt. Mahan would evidently and logically be ready to say of American domination over any inferior power—that it has no more to do with morality than an earthquake.

Of course this really means the glorification of brute force. The earthquake view of international relations does away at once with all questions of law and justice and humanity, and puts everything frankly on the basis of armor and guns. Finerty could ask no more. No one could accuse Capt. Mahan of intending this, yet he must "follow the argument." He speaks approvingly of international interference with Turkey on account of the Armenian atrocities. But has not the Sultan a complete defence, according to Capt. Mahan's doctrine? Is he not an earthquake, too? Are not the Turks going blindly ahead in Armenia as a "natural force," and is anybody likely to be foolish enough to discuss the morality of a law of nature? Of course, the powers tell the Sultan that he is no earthquake at all, or, if he is, that they will bring to bear upon him a bigger one which will shake him into the Bosphorus. But if there is no question of morality involved, the argument and the action are simply so much brute force; and that, we say, is what Capt. Mahan's doctrine logically comes to.

Another inadvertent revelation of the real implications of his views is given where he is dwelling on the fact that "the United States will never seek war except for the defence of her rights, her obligations, or her necessary interests." There is a fine ambiguity about the final phrase, but let that pass. No one can suspect that Capt. Mahan means to do anything in public or private relations that he does not consider absolutely just. But note the way the necessity of arguing for a big navy clouds his mind when he writes of some supposed international difficulty: "But the moral force of our contention might conceivably be weakened, in the view of an opponent, by attendant circumstances, *in which case our physical power to support it should be open to no doubt.*" That is to say, we must always have morality and sweet reasonableness on our side, must have all our quarrels just, must have all the precedents and international law in our favor, but must be prepared to lick the other fellow anyhow, if he is so thick-headed and obstinate as to insist that morals and justice and law are on *his* side.

This earthquake and physical-power doctrine is a most dangerous one for any time or people, but is peculiarly dangerous in this country at this time. The politicians and the mob will be only too thankful to be furnished a high-sounding theory as a justification for their ignorant and brutal proposals of foreign aggression and conquest. They will not be slow, either, in extending and improving the theory. They will take a less roundabout course than Capt. Mahan does to the final argument of physical power. If it comes to that in the end, what is the use of bothering about all these preliminaries of right and law? They will be willing to call themselves an earthquake or a cyclone, if only their devastating propensities can be freely gratified without any question of morals coming in. With so many signs of relaxed moral fibre about us, in public and in private life, it is no time to preach the gospel of force, even when the preacher is so attractive a man and writer as Capt. Mahan.

MISSIONS—NEW STYLE.

It was some years ago that *Punch* made its joke: "Missions, Old Style, Henry Martyn; Missions, New Style, Martini-Henry." There was then only just spice enough of truth in the fling to make it thoroughly laughable; now, we fear, the jest borders hard on the unpardonable kind which contains more truth than fun. Certainly there have been of late some extraordinary developments and utterances in connection with the relation of missions to foreign affairs, which make it seem as if powder were to usurp the old place of personality in evangelizing the heathen.

The Chinese massacres and riotings, in particular, have called forth public expressions from missionaries which are models of imprudence, to say the least, and which give one a curious idea of the motives and methods of modern missions. The London papers have printed missionary letters by the column, in which sentiments that are little short of bloodthirsty have occasionally been expressed. One Scotch missionary, for example, affirmed, as if it were the obvious Christian thing to say, that hanging was too good for the Chinese officials. The implication was, apparently, that he would like to see them drawn and quartered, after all their bones had been crushed. But nothing of the kind has fallen under our eye so truly amazing as the letter of an American missionary, the Rev. Dr. Fulton, printed in last week's *Evangelist* with editorial approval. This gentleman, whose divine commission enjoins him to be as wise as a serpent and as harmless as a dove, reviles the Chinese Government in unmeasured terms. He says of its officers, sweepingly, that they are "as despicable a set of hypocrites as ever drew plunder from an oppressed people." It would be a "righteous demand," he declares, if England and America were to insist that foreigners have "unrestricted right of residence in every foot of Chinese territory," and that the local authorities be "held personally responsible for the life of every foreigner in their jurisdiction." As it is, the heads of a few criminals and ruffians are "gladly granted by China" to appease the missionary desire for vengeance; but, says this meek and lowly missionary, "we must strike at the root, not the branch"—that is, it would seem, have the heads of the officials themselves.

Next to its unconscious repudiation of Christianity, what is most startling about this is its disregard of international courtesy and obligations and its incredible recklessness. Dr. Fulton is aware of the fact, but seems to be only the more enraged thereby, that he has no right whatever to American protection outside the "treaty ports." He goes—the Chinese Government warns him that he goes, the American minister warns him that he goes—into the interior at his own risk. No rights are guaranteed him by China, no protection by his own Government. He takes his life and his property in his own hands. Of course, a missionary has a perfect right to do this. The old missionaries to China did it, and it was their glory. But the missionary who does it must be prepared to face the consequences. Is Dr. Fulton? Hear what he says, remembering how the first Christian missionaries reckoned death among the risks of their divine work: "We are prepared for scoffing and insult and hardship, but when they see our work progressing, and in pure hatred begin to burn our homes and

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murder our families, *we have reached the last limit and appeal unto Cæsar.*"

The imprudence of such public utterances by missionaries is astounding. These violent attacks on the powers that be in China are sure to be reported in that country. Is human nature, is official nature, so different in that land from everywhere else that railing at the authorities is the best way to win their favor and protection; that calling, as the *Evangelist* does, the Chinese who oppose missions "wretches, half-civilized and wholly barbarian," is the surest way to predispose them to the Gospel? Imagine a handful of Buddhist missionaries in our own country reviling the Government, calling for vengeance on their opponents, demanding foreign intervention on their behalf that they might ram their doctrines down our throats at the point of the bayonet, and some idea may be had of the way our performances must strike the Chinese.

We make haste to say that we do not for a moment suppose that Dr. Fulton and his fellow-missionaries are at all conscious of the strange appearance they present. Their motives are doubtless as unimpeachable as their zeal is consuming. Nor is their appeal to force unnatural, in view of the great figure missionary complications have cut for years in Oriental diplomacy. In Turkey, as in Egypt and Persia and China, the chief concern of our ministers has long been with the missionaries, their complaints, their privileges, their rights. It is not strange, then, that the missionaries have come to think American diplomacy and gunboats exist for their special benefit, nor that, in their appeals to them, they have sometimes taken on too imperious and truculent a tone for men in their business and with their professions. No objection can be made to such appeals. A missionary is surely as much entitled to protection as a trader. Only, if it is a question of law and treaty, the missionary must be as careful to be technically within his rights as the trader, before pushing his claim. And there ought always to be some one to warn an impetuous missionary like Dr. Fulton against rushing into print in his headlong fashion. Unwittingly, of course, but none the less surely, he gives the impression of a furious animal robbed of its prey. He has been driven from the interior. A mob stands between him and the millions of Chinamen he is burning to convert. What is his country good for if it cannot wade through blood to put him back there again, and stand by with fixed bayonets while he preaches peace on earth and good will to men? Nothing like this has been seen since Frederick I. of Prussia chased a frightened subject through the streets of Potsdam, and gave the fellow a sound caning, while he cried out, "Confound you, I want you to love me!" We very much doubt whether human nature, unregenerate or sanctified, Chinese, Turkish, or American, can stand this treatment, whether from monarch or missionary.

THE REFORM OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

An announcement in the London *Daily Chronicle*, followed by a speech from Lord Londonderry of the same tenor and effect, is producing in England the impression that the Tories are thinking of reforming the House of Lords. This is an excellent thing to talk about, but the probabilities are that it will never go further than talk. In the first place Lord Salisbury declared formally before and after the election against the Liberal desire to make "constitutional changes," and announced that his Government would occupy itself mainly with improving the condition of poor people. In the next place, the House of Lords, just as it is, is held in Tory circles to have recently rendered very important service to the country in restraining and upsetting Gladstone, and it is undoubtedly to-day popular in such circles. One of Mr. Balfour's ablest speeches during the canvass at Manchester was devoted in part to showing the very great success of the House of Lords as a second chamber, and in fact its superiority to any other chamber that ever existed. Moreover, Lord Salisbury frequently asked the Liberals before the election how they were going to reform the House of Lords without its consent, and he never got any distinct answer; and he put the question in such a way as to show that he could not answer it himself.

Then the Liberal demand for reform was fairly laid before the country at the last election without eliciting the smallest response. In fact, this particular article was the most dismal failure in the whole Liberal creed. Nor did the Liberals themselves frame any plan of reform. Half-a-dozen plans were hinted at or discussed in the magazines, but not one met with any attention or popular acceptance. The plan now talked of—the election of the legislating peers by the others, as the Scotch and Irish are now elected—was, of course, the most obvious and most talked of. Then it was proposed to revive the old royal prerogative of summoning to each Parliament such peers only as the Crown might select, and there were some vague hints of a plan for expelling the dissolute, and ruffianly, and grossly ignorant. But not one of these attracted popular attention or was discussed otherwise than academically. When Lord Rosebery announced himself as a "second-chamber man," he made no attempt to say what kind of second chamber he wanted. The other Liberal leaders were just as reticent.

What is most important of all is this, that nobody, Liberal or Tory, ever made the smallest pretence of having discovered the means of removing the principal Liberal complaint against the upper house—the permanence in it of the Conservative majority. No way of remedying this was ever suggested, or in fact could be devised, except the election of the Peers by a popular vote of some kind, in one or two degrees, like the American Senate. But this would really convert the House of Lords into something totally different from what it now is. It would be not modification, but abolition. The history of "upper chambers" in other countries gave no support to any scheme of this kind in the eyes of the English people. The only elected upper chamber in the world which can be called a success, or which has any real weight, is the American Senate, and the House of Lords might well chuckle over the accounts which Americans themselves were giving of the Senate in 1893-'94.

In fact, in looking about the world at second chambers, it is not hard for an Englishman to flatter himself that the one he has got by mere growth is quite as good as anything that constitution-makers are likely to give him. There has been no period in fifty years which seems less auspicious for a change in the constitution of the Lords than the present one. The socialistic agitation and the general decline of parliamentary bodies in other countries have produced a great Conservative reaction in England, and have ruined the Liberal party, which did not perceive the signs of the times. Then the bulk of Englishmen are rather proud of the Peers as an institution. They are every now and then provoked with them, but when they see a Peer, or go down to the gilded chamber where they sit, he must be a very radical Englishman whose heart does not soften towards them, and who does not connect them in some mysterious manner with the historical glories of the nation. They reason about them as our protectionists do about the tariff. See how we have prospered and conquered with a House of Lords, they say. Who knows how things would have gone had we not had one?

There is also a personal factor in the problem at present which is worth notice. Neither Lord Salisbury nor Mr. Balfour is a person of a constructive turn, or very greedy of work. Lord Salisbury is a born critic, and Mr. Balfour is very fond of golf and metaphysics. They will not rush on tough jobs. They will deal with questions that are forced on them, and it does not seem likely that the reform of the Lords will be one of these. Ireland alone will furnish work for all the constructive talent in the ministry for two or three years to come. Moreover, this ministry will experience no trouble from the Lords. Lord Salisbury carries the Peers in his pocket. He rules the upper house absolutely. It obeys him so implicitly that there would be a certain cruelty in his finding fault with it. Why, therefore, should he lay aside other business for the purpose of attacking it? Besides this, foreign problems have a

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great fascination for him, and it is easy to distract the national attention from everything else. There are Armenia, Egypt, China, and Central Africa, all waiting to be quarrelled over with France, or Russia, or Germany; and in discussions of this kind Lord Salisbury is a master. Foreign politics is, in fact, the field in which he makes fewest mistakes and wounds fewest susceptibilities.

THE OLYMPIC GAMES AT ATHENS IN 1896.

ATHENS, September 5, 1895.

EXACTLY fifteen hundred years, almost to a month, had elapsed since Theodosius the Great forbade the further celebration of the Olympic Games, when the Athletic Congress, held in Paris in the summer of last year, decided to revive the time-honored name as applied to quadrennial international contests of modern sportsmen. As a tribute to the land which was the home of those renowned festivals of yore and to which the world owes the foundations of its civilization—as a solemn act, legalizing the new use of the name—it was unanimously agreed to hold the first of these modern Olympic festivals at Athens.

At the first announcement this unexpected honor created considerable bewilderment in Greece. Never had Athens been called upon to execute a charge requiring so many elements of success; and it is not surprising that the first voices heard were those of the pessimists, who pointed out the financial and other difficulties in the way. And truly the difficulties of the Greek state, with its public debt, the depression of trade consequent upon the failure of the currant export, and the desperately inflated condition of the national currency, were such as to make it doubtful if the necessary funds for the respectable celebration of the games could be raised. But the abuse which has of late been lavished upon the Greeks by certain sections of the European press, with regard to the inability of the public treasury to meet the coupons of the foreign loans, stung the nation into making all possible pecuniary sacrifices for this occasion, which should afford the visitors from all lands an opportunity of convincing themselves that Greece is not a land of brigands, pirates, swindlers, and knaves. It also afforded the Greek people a special satisfaction to be called upon once more to compete with other nations on the noble field of athletics, which their ancestors had made immortal; indeed, the old Hellenic fondness for athletic contests has been asserting itself once more of late years, although athletics in the modern sense are still in a very primitive state among the Greeks. All these influences combined to make the contributions to the Olympic Fund pour in so rapidly that the original estimate of 300,000 drachmae has long been exceeded. And since the gift of an additional 600,000 dr. from Mr. George Averoff, a wealthy Greek merchant of Alexandria, for the express purpose of rebuilding the Panathenaic Stadion, all pessimism has been thrown to the winds, and all Greeks, from high to low, are bound up in the success of the project. The Crown Prince and his brothers are the active leaders of the movement, and the King himself has promised to award in person the silver olive-wreaths to the victors at the games. The Greek Government has ordered the issue of special commemorative postage-stamps similar to the Columbian, the net proceeds of which shall be shared with the fund of the Olympic Committee; and thus the latter may be expected to exceed 1,000,000 dr., besides M. Averoff's munificent donation.

The preparations are now in full swing, especially in the Stadion, which is by far the heaviest part of the work, and which, covered with huge blocks of marble and resounding with the strokes of hundreds of chisels, presents a striking contrast to the peaceful solitude which has for years and centuries reigned over its grassy slopes. This scene of the ancient Panathenæan games is an artificial enlargement of a natural hollow between two of the lowest spurs of Mt. Hymettus. It is turned towards the city, and from its entrance (by the "whispering" Ilissus) a magnificent panorama is obtained, from Lykabettos and the Palace Gardens on the right to the Acropolis and distant Salamis on the left. Its embanked sides slope up to a height of 60-80 feet around a level space 670 feet long by 109 feet wide, in the form of a horseshoe (as has been ascertained by recent excavations). These slopes were once covered with marble seats, rising tier above tier to the top, and divided into sections by flights of steps. In the age of the Antonines a public-spirited Athenian—Herodes Atticus—like George Averoff of to-day, built this stupendous work entirely at his own expense, of Pentelic marble; but little of this great mass of marble has escaped the lime-kilns of the Dark Ages, and practically the work has now to be done entirely over again. Fortunately, the plan of the original builders has been thoroughly ascertained by recent excavations, so that the new Stadion will represent the exact counterpart of that of Herodes Atticus, and will doubtless be executed in much purer classic detail than seems to have been the case in the artistic decadence of the second century A. D. Of course it will not be possible to finish the entire Stadion in marble by next March. Only the circular end, in its entire height, and the three lowest tiers along the sides will be done in marble; the remaining rows of the sides will be executed in wood and painted in imitation of marble, but will be replaced gradually by marble rows. M. Averoff has signified his intention of having this magnificent arena, which is capable of seating 70,000 spectators, finished entirely in Pentelic marble at his own expense, as a permanent field for athletic contests; and certainly Athens will regain through his patriotic liberality one of her most glorious and unique monuments, useful as well as ornamental.

In the Stadion thus restored and provided with a fine running track, the field sports, foot-races, and gymnastic contests will be held; here also will be the finish of the twenty-six-mile long-distance race from Marathon to Athens, for which a special *amphora* or cup will be offered, in memory of the plucky runner of old who died to bring to Athens the news of the rout of the Persians. The bicycle races will be held on grounds specially laid out for the occasion, half-way between the city and the seashore, on the Phaleric plain. The aquatic sports—swimming and rowing—are to take place in the roadstead of Phaleron; while the Saronic Gulf, locked in by islands, will form an unexcelled sailing ground for the yacht regatta, which promises to be unusually brilliant.

These are the chief items on the programme of the games proper. But as the Olympic festivals of yore were not confined to athletic contests, so the visitors, who will crowd to Athens next April will find an abundance of interesting features of the celebration entirely outside of the aforesaid programme. To pass over the numerous official and semi-official banquets which will be given to athletes, delegates, foreign squadrons, and potentates, the city of Athens is organizing various special events for the entertainment of its guests, which will doubtless give the entire celebration a character long to be remembered. Among these special features will be, for instance, the artistic illumination of the great monuments of antiquity by night, a grand historical torchlight procession, representing memorable scenes from Greek history, ancient and modern, and a series of gala representations of the dramatic masterpieces of the world, beginning with a Sophoklean tragedy and ending with Wagner's "Lohengrin." A special Olympic Hymn, composed for the occasion by the modern Greek composer Samaras, is to be rendered by a monster chorus and orchestra; and a commemorative medal is to be struck and distributed. The French Archæological School at Athens is to celebrate its jubilee at the same time, and a large international gathering of savants is expected to attend; the American School of Classical Studies, the German Archæological Institute, and the British School will also hold special public meetings during the festivities. Last, but not least, the inauguration of the games on April 6 will coincide with the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Declaration of Greek Independence, and thousands of enthusiastic visitors and delegates are expected from the five or six millions of Greeks living yet under Turkish rule, and from the numerous and wealthy Greek colonies all over the world, to take part in commemorating the day. If one adds the numerous English, American, French, Italian, Hungarian, Swedish, Russian, and Belgian athletic organizations, the great British and French yacht clubs, and the Turkish wrestlers and State College athletes, that have already promised to send their champions to the meeting, the vast concourse which will be assembled in the new Panathenaic Stadion will form the most picturesque medley of tongues, races, and costumes ever seen in the violet-crowned city of Theseus.

The interest displayed by the American people in this Athenian meeting, the promised participation of so many American athletes, and the formation of an American committee in behalf of the project, under President Cleveland's chairmanship, have aroused lively satisfaction in Greek circles. The Greeks have never forgotten the generous sympathy which the American people were the first to display for the Greek cause in 1821; the stirring eloquence of Henry Clay and Daniel Webster in behalf of Greek liberty, and the material aid brought to the Greek shores by Samuel G. Howe, both in the war of Independence and in the great Cretan revolt of 1867, are given a prominent place in every modern Greek history. And although of late these sentiments have been somewhat forgotten in the political and financial troubles which have absorbed the Greek kingdom, such an occasion as the Olympic Games suffices to rekindle the old feeling of grateful remembrance and brotherhood for the great Western land and people. At a time when the frivolous policy of the best of Greek statesmen has landed the Greek kingdom in the slough of bankruptcy, and done the whole Greek race incalculable damage in the respect of the outside world, the friendly readiness with which Americans have espoused the cause of this Athenian gathering of 1896 is doubly grateful to the Greeks, long oppressed with a sense of their political isolation. For, in spite of the

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international origin of the project, next year's Olympic meeting is looked upon in Athens first and foremost as a Greek affair—an act of Greek hospitality to the civilized world, and hence an occasion with whose success Greek honor is closely bound up. The games are to be international, but in a distinctively Hellenic setting—on the storied plain of Attica, surrounded by immortal monuments of fame and unmatched vistas of mountain and sea, and by living representatives from every Hellenic city and colony throughout the world. Surely such a combination need not blush before the more stately and lavish magnificence of greater cities and wealthier nations; the immortal ruins of the Parthenon and the glorious Attic sky cannot be found or matched elsewhere.

D. K.

ACROSS SIBERIA.—III.

TIUMEN, August 10, 1895.

IN 1581 the Cossack freebooter and outlaw, Ermak Timofeevitch, at the suggestion and with the help of the Stroganoff family, possessors of huge estates in the Urals, set out to conq er the unknown land beyond the mountains. Descending, with a few hundred followers, the river Tiurá, on whose banks now stands the city of Tiumén, he came to the To ból, then to the Irtysh, where he defeated the Tatar ruler, Kutchum, and captured his capital, *Sibir*, or Siberia, which has given its name to the immense region stretching from the Urals to the Pacific. Although the whole of this territory has not been acquired till recent times, if it has yet entirely, Ermak is justly looked upon as a Cortes who added a new and mighty empire to the dominions of the Tsar. This empire has, until very lately, been of slight value, a place from which furs were brought and to which criminals and vagrants were sent. Even to Russians it seemed the ends of the earth, where no one would go willingly. This may appear extraordinary enough when we consider the untold sources of wealth in Siberia, the richness and number of its mines, many of which have never been explored, the fertility of the soil in vast tracts, whose climate is no more severe than that of Moscow or Minneapolis. We must remember, however, that the distances are so great as to render communication difficult and transportation far more so, in the absence of railways. The need of a new country has been little felt by the Russians. Nearer home, to the south, there was long an abundance of land where colonists could settle, and the nation, which has still but small accumulated capital, is not noted for industrial enterprise. After all it is only within a few years that we have thought of western Canada as more than a profitless wilderness.

At the present day a new era for Siberia has undoubtedly begun. The Perm-Tiumén railway first made it easy to get from Europe by rail and boat to Tomsk in the heart of Asia. Now the Trans-Siberian must give a great impulse to activity of many kinds; indeed, although only a small part of it is completed, this impulse is already widely felt. Enormous quantities of mineral wealth and extents of good land will soon be easily accessible, while in European Russia population is beginning to press on the means of subsistence. With present Government encouragement, immigration has got to be over a hundred thousand a year, and may soon reach dimensions hard to estimate. Nor is the country so uninhabited as to be unable to supply the first wants of the settlers. Not to mention smaller places, Omsk, Tomsk, and Irkutsk, with each from fifty to seventy-five thousand inhabitants, are important centres of distribution and growing rapidly.

Tomsk, the largest and busiest of these, is situated on the river Tom, some twenty-five miles from its junction with the Ob. The city impresses one at once as an active, thriving place. There are several handsome buildings, mostly official or schools; there are also presentable shops, some good houses, the best of them owned by Jews, and building and repairing are going on in many places, giving a general air of life and prosperity. The fine unfinished cathedral resembles on a different scale the Church of the Saviour in Moscow. There are two newspapers, a public garden, with a very fair little theatrical troupe whom I saw at a clever take off on the doctrines of Tolstoi, and, above all, there is the University.

The University of Tomsk, an institution unique in Siberia and with but few rivals in all Asia, has as yet but a medical faculty. Her twenty-seven instructors hold forth to a lit tle less than four hundred students, more than half of whom are from Europe, as, in order to attract scholars, graduates from the ecclesiastical seminaries are accepted here, whereas they are not admitted by her sisters in Russia proper. I happened to visit the University on her seventh birthday, an unfortunate date for me, as it was also that of a public holiday when everything was shut up; hence I was able to see less than I could have wished. The fine large building, with two or three smaller dependencies, is surrounded by grounds planted with birch trees. Two professors, who chanced to be on hand, showed me what they could. The laboratory instruments, most of which come from France or Germany, seemed, as far as an ignorant layman can judge, to be of the latest kinds, though not very numerous. The small zoölogical collection is chiefly made up of native animals and birds. I was particularly sorry not to see the library, for it has about two hundred thousand volumes, among them a number of valuable books that came from France at the time of the Revolution, also rare editions of Shakspere, etc., given by various people—all of which one hardly expects to find in the depths of Siberia in an institution seven years old. In general the accounts I got were optimistic. There were many difficulties at first, but they have been overcome to a large extent, the students are poor but hard-working, while the professors are better paid and get a pension earlier than their brethren in European Russia. The Government has just decided to add a second faculty for physics and mathematics.

Another interesting sight in Tomsk is the temporary home for immigrants who have come either by river or with their carts overland on their way further eastward. At the time of my visit, there were about 1,200 of them, and there have been as many as 8,000 at once. Few arrive in the winter, but in the course of last summer 40,000 received hospitality here, the great majority of them Russians, with a sprinkling of Poles, Esthonians, Tatars, etc. Most of them remain about a week, some much longer, then depart—some settling in the government of Tomsk, others going to the region of the Altai mountains—though the Government is said not to favor this—and latterly increasing numbers, especially of the large contingent of Little-Russians, have sought the distant Amur province, where special inducements are offered, and where the settlers are said to grow so lazily well off in a few years that they hire Chinamen to do their work. In theory, every emigrant must bring with him a passport with permission to leave his home; otherwise, instead of receiving an allotment of land he will be arrested and sent back. In practice, hundreds and thousands come without papers, and, if sent back at much expense, they would return again and again with that patient obstinacy so characteristic of the Russian peasant. The only thing left to the authorities is to make continual exceptions to their rules, merely trying to do it as quietly as possible in order to uphold the principle. The premises of the temporary home are kept perfectly clean, which is creditable, for this is enforced with difficulty. The buildings include a hospital, with a compartment for lying-in, another for contagious diseases, and an apothecary shop. Typhus, particularly, is not uncommon. Each man, woman, and child receives daily, gratis, a pound of black bread—and Russian bread is good—also a meal of meat, or, on fast days, of other warm food.

The journey from Tomsk to Tiumén, the gate to Europe, takes six or seven days on the passenger steamers, of which there are two or three a week, the better of them being comfortable boats lighted by electricity. The scenery on the route is monotonous, especially along the Ob, a very broad, shallow river, full of islands that are flooded in the spring time, when the stream looks like a lake. The country beyond the low banks is marshy and wooded. No wheat can grow in this inhospitable region, whose few inhabitants live by hunting and fishing. When, however, we get to the Irtysh, the soil improves, so that Russians and Tatars are numerous for the rest of the way. The only city we pass is Tobolsk, the capital of the province of that name, founded in 1587 close to the junction of the Irtysh and the Toból—an unattractive looking place of 20,000 inhabitants, with twenty churches (so says Murray; I could count but ten, and, judging by the looks, the population cannot be much over 12.000). The citadel, the catbedral, and a few other buildings are on a cliff, as is the public garden containing a monument to Ermak; the houses are below, and many of the streets are flooded in the spring. The ultimate fate of the town depends on whether, as its citizens fervently hope, the railway is prolonged here from Tiumén, which it would then supplant as a port; but it is hard to believe that in any case it can become a great centre. Here we have old Siberia, bleak and desolate; the Siberia of the future lies to the south and east, a land of promise, destined before long to be the home of millions.

ARCHIBALD CARY COOLIDGE.

Correspondence.

DERRING DO, DERRING-DO, ETC.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In investigating the history of this curious pseudo-archaism for the 'New English Dictionary,' I have found its treatment in previous works to be more than usually inadequate. In one of the most recent attempts, it is said that "the word was adopted by Spenser in the erroneous spelling *derring-do* . . . from Chaucer; Middle English *dorryng don, duryng do*, etc., a peculiar isolated compound." It would be difficult to say how many misconceptions and misstatements are contained in these three lines. No "word" *derring-do* occurs in Spenser; he has indeed the two words *derring doe;* but the "word" *derring-do* (if it be a word) belongs only to nineteenth-century

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pseudo-archaists. The Middle English *dorryng don* is not a compound, it is not isolated, and it is not peculiar; it is simply two words which chance to come together in their simple and natural construction. And, above all, Spenser did not adopt *derring-do*, nor even *derring doe*, from Chaucer. The origin of the expression can indeed be traced to Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde;* but there were intermediate links between Chaucer and Spenser which at once explain Spenser's erroneous spelling of the word *derring*, and that misconception of the construction and precise sense of the two words which he has handed on to the modern Romanticists. I have found that most of Spenser's archaisms which I have as yet had occasion to trace to their source, really come from Lydgate; at least, it was not from Chaucer, but from Lydgate's *Chronicle of Troy*, and actually from the edition of it printed in 1555, that he caught up the expression now before us, as I will now show.

The passage in Chaucer's *Troilus* V. 834–40, reads thus in the Campsall MS.:

> And certaynly in storye it is founde
> That troylus was neuere vn to no wight,
> As in his time, in no degre secounde
> In dorryng don þat longeth to a knyght.
> Al myghte a Geaunt passen hym of myght,
> His herte ay wiþ þe firste and wiþ þe beste
> Stod paregal to dorre don þat hym leste.

(MS. Harl. 2280 has in l. 837 "In durynge do," in l. 840 "to durre to do"; Camb. Univ. MS. Gg. 4. 27 has in l. 837 "In dorynge to do," in l. 840 "to dore don what hym leste.").

The exact construction is: "And certainly in story it is found that Troylus, in his time, was never second in no degree to no wight in *daring to do* what belongs to a knight. Albeit a giant might surpass him in might, his heart stood ever paregal with the first and the best to *dare to do* what pleased him."

This passage was thus imitated and echoed by Lydgate in his *Chronicle of Troy*, II. xvi.:

> And perygall of manhode and of dede
> He [Troilus] was to any that I can of rede. . . .
> In dorryng do, this noble worthy wight,
> For to fulfyl that longeth to a knyght;
> The secounde Hector, for his wort inesse
> He called was, and for his hye prowesse.

(MSS. Cotton Aug. IV., and Arundel 99, read "doring do.")

It is not easy to say whether Lydgate quite understood the construction of his master's passage; possibly he did not see that "that" after "dorryng don" was the relative pronoun = "that which," "what," and thus contained the object of "to don" (although he himself has precisely the same construction of "that" in the fourth line above). In any case, he used "dorryng do" *without an object*, "in daring to do, for to fulfil what belongeth to a knight," and thus employed a construction much more liable to be misunderstood. As the Fates would have it, moreover, what he wrote suffered at the hands of the printer. *The Chronicle of Troy* was printed first in 1513 by Pynson, and afterwards in 1555 by Marshe. In Pynson's edition the two lines read:

> In derrynge do / this noble worthy wyght,
> For to rulfylle / that longeth to a knyght.

In Marshe's (which was a reprint of Pynson's):

> In derryng do, this noble worthy wight
> For to fudyl that longeth to a knyght.

In both it will be seen that Lydgate's word *dorryng* is changed into *derryng*.

The word *durryng* or *dorryng* is the true M. E. form of the word that we now write *daring*, being formed from the present stem *durr-*, seen in the infinitive O. E. *durran*, M. E. *dorre(n*, whence also the past tense *durste*, *dorste*, now *durst*. But by 1500 the *durr-dorr-* forms had disappeared from the present stem, being displaced by the ablaut-grade of the first and third person singular *dar*, so that we now say not only *I dare*, but *we dare*, for O. E. *we durron*, M. E. *we dorre(n*, *if I dare* for O. E. *gif ic durre*, M. E. *if I dorre; to dare* instead of *durran*, *dorre(n*; *daring* instead of *durryng*, *dorryng*. This change took place before the close of the fifteenth century; hence Lydgate's *dorryng* was an unknown word to the sixteenth-century printers, and they read and printed it *derryng*, *derring*, which no doubt appeared to them more like their actual form *daring*. Thus Chaucer's *dorryng don*, Lydgate's *dorryng do*, appeared in ed. 1555 as *derryng do*. In this printed form it was picked up by Spenser, in his course of collecting archaic words, and reproduced by him as *derring doe*. How, falling into the pitfall prepared by Lydgate's intransitive use, he misunderstood it, appears from the *Shepheards' Calendar* (October, l. 65):

> For ever, who in derring doe were dreade,
> The loftie verse of hem was loued aye

(*i. e.*, "For ever, by them who were dread in derring doe, lofty verse was loved ay"), where the "Glosse" explains "*In derring doe*, In manhoode and cheualrie." The same conception appears in another passage (December, l. 43):

> I durst in derring do compare
> With shepheards swayne,

misprinted "derring to," but referred to in the Glosse to "derring doe" as "aforesayd." Also in the two well-known passages in the *Faerie Queene*, II. iv. 42,

> Drad for his derring doe and bloody deed,

and VI. v. 37,

> A man of mickle name
> Renowned much in armes and derring doe.

It is indeed possible to argue that in all these passages Spenser knew the sense to be 'daring to do,' and used this as a poetical expression for 'daring to do anything,' 'daring to perform deeds'; but this is hardly compatible with the explanation given in the "Glosse" to the *Shepheards Calendar*, which, if not inspired, was certainly approved, by Spenser himself, and printed as part of the work, at the foot of each monthly "æglogue."

Spenser, however, kept the expression as two words; he was not responsible for the combination *daring-do*, which has beguiled poor dictionary-makers into the notion of a Middle English peculiar isolated compound. This we owe to the arch-archaist of the nineteenth century, Sir Walter Scott. Nobody, apparently, for more than two centuries, had reproduced Spenser's *derring doe* when Scott, with his wonderful application of the *omne ignotum pro magnifico* and his keen ear for a picturesque word or phrase of mysterious sound, resuscitated it in *Ivanhoe*, ch. xxix., where Wilfred is made to say, "Singular if there be two who can do a deed of such derring-do"; duly explained in a foot-note as (*Derring-do*, desperate courage). The transformation of *dorryng don* was now complete, and from the father of Romanticism *derring-do* was eagerly accepted by the whole brood of romancers and Romanticists, and became an indispensable article of romantic property. Lydgate, Pynson, Marshe, and Spenser had all been unconscious instruments in the transformation; but the Wizard of the North was the final transformer, under whose wand it became a very "peculiar isolated compound" indeed, which simple folk accept as Middle English.

The original *dorryng* reminds me of a passage in Prof. Lounsbury's *Chaucer Studies* which I have difficulty in comprehending. The Professor says (vol. ii., p. 64): "Gower, likewise, has some most pronounced instances of unusual rymes. He rymes the preterite *had* with *bed*, *leiser* with *desire*, and *dore* 'a door' with the verb *dare* in the form *dore*." What can the Professor object to in the last? It is a perfect rime—an example, indeed, of *rime riche*, or perfect syllabic identity with difference of word. The lines are (Pauli I. 256):

> And oþerwhile, if þat I dore,
> Er I com fully to þe dore;

and I need not point out to the student of Middle English that *if I dore* is the correct present subjunctive = late O. E. *gif ic durre*, and that it is perfectly identical in sound with M. E. *dore* for O. E. *dura*, dative of *duru*. And, by the way, the two other rimes cited by Prof. Lounsbury are not Gower's, but R. Pauli's, in that atrocious edition of Gower which it is a reproach to our scholarship not to have long ago placed in the *Index Expurgatorius* of books never to be quoted. The alleged rime *had*, *abed* (Pauli II. 96), reads in the MSS.,

> And priuely þe trompe he hedde
> Til þat þe Pope was a bedde,

where *hedde*, meaning 'hid,' is a well-known M. E. past tense of *hyde*, representing O. E. *hydde*. Pauli's *hadde* is merely one of the numberless atrocities with which his edition swarms. And, of course, it needs no knowledge even of Middle English to see that the alleged rime *leiser*, *desire*, is only somebody's garbling of M. E. *leisir*, *desir*. The passages containing them, as they left Gower's hand, were (Pauli II. 95)

> Somtime among a good leisir
> So as I dar of mi desir,

and (Pauli II. 242)

> That sche wiþ him hadde a leisir
> To speke and telle of hir desir.

All four instances are perfect rimes, as Prof. Lounsbury will be the first to acknowledge; and they entirely fail him in his contention that Gower was a careless rimer. The utter worthlessness and I fear charlatanry of Pauli's Gower (founded upon the 16th c. printed text with a few MS. collations in obscure places) has been known to English scholars for some time; it is nearly ten years since I wrote that there was no more pressing need for Middle English scholarship than a faithful edition of the *Confessio*. That need is now about to be supplied; a competent scholar is preparing for the Oxford University Press an edition from the MSS., of which there are several excellent ones; and scholars must wait till that appears before they quote Gower for any linguistic purpose.

JAMES A. H. MURRAY.

OXFORD, September, 18, 1895.

EXCISE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: From the universal use of the word "excise" as descriptive of Sunday-closing laws in New York, I infer that there must be some reason for it, especially as I find it in your own articles. But certainly an excise has heretofore been supposed to mean an internal-revenue tax. Have license fees got so mixed up with the whole subject of the regulation of the liquor trade as to give it their name?

Yours respectfully, Z.

BOSTON, September 27, 1895.

[So it would appear, and that our correspondent's own State began the tampering with the meaning of *excise*. Dr.

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Murray, in his Dictionary, quotes Jefferson as writing in 1789: "Excise is a duty . . . paid in the hands of the consumer or retailer. . . . But in Massachusetts they have perverted the word excise to mean a tax on all liquors, whether paid in the moment of importation or at a later moment, and on nothing else." —Ed. Nation.]

MEDICAL STUDENTS AND THE A. B. COURSE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is only natural that the lengthening of the course in medical colleges to four years should be met by an attempt to shorten the required preparation. Those who still believe in the theory of a good general education as a basis for work in any special line are naturally jealous of all attempts to anticipate the work of the professional school by manipulation of the elective privileges of the A. B. curriculum; but in the case of the medical students there are reasons of more than the usual weight against any short cut to the professional degree.

Most of us know that many young men, or boys, rather, are attracted towards the medical profession by motives very different from those which we wish to see in the physician whom we would call into our own houses to treat a wife or daughter. Now it is very desirable that all such unfit material should fall out by the way and not be turned loose upon the public with a medical diploma. But we cannot depend upon the medical schools to do the necessary work of expurgation, however much it may seem to be in their line. The young man who is led into the study by an unhealthy curiosity will find sufficient food for that curiosity to prevent such neglect of his work as would bar the way to a diploma. Require of him in advance, however, the work of a complete and well-balanced A.B. course, and the chances are many to one that he will fall out before this preliminary goal is reached, or that his mind will be so clarified as to make him a fit candidate for the profession. It has been a disgrace to the calling long enough that any young upstart whose head might be turned by a prurient desire to know the secrets of the dissecting-table, the operating-room, and the obstetric clinic could come forth in two or three years, regardless of any previous training or furnishing of the mind, with a legally valid medical diploma.

Granted that the average physician of fifty years ago began practice at the age of twenty-one or before, as Mr. Preston says (*Nation*, No. 1577, p. 204), he went to his work also with an average ignorance which seems almost grotesque to the better class of physicians of to-day. And the better class of physicians to day are just those who are most ready to admit that the science of medicine is yet in its infancy. Surely we have not reached the point where it is well to look for any method of lessening the mental training required for entrance upon such a work.

W. H. Johnson.

PALESTINE EXPLORATION FUND.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a recent appreciative mention of the work of the Palestine Exploration Fund, the *Nation* kindly stated that subscriptions may be sent to the office in London. Perhaps you will allow me to add, for the sake of the Fund, that, as Honorary Secretary for the United States, I receive subscriptions and furnish the quarterly statements, books, casts, photographs, and all other publications of the Fund.

Theodore F. Wright.

No. 42 Quincy Street, Cambridge, Mass., September 30, 1895.

DEFIANCE OF THE LAW.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Doubtless the *Nation* has become weary of defining what law is to its readers; but with what freshness must it return to the duty when everywhere are seen instances of wilful defiance of the law? If Tammany Hall were the sinner, we could all join in the most scathing denunciation, and vote it out of power with a vim. But what are we to do when our most enlightened citizens, so to speak, are the guilty ones? For instance, the school directors of McLean County, Illinois, met recently, denounced the "flag law," and resolved to fight it in the courts. The understanding, if not the resolution, was that the law should be disobeyed till a decision was handed down by some court. Now this law, requiring a flag to be floated on every school of every kind, is, indeed, a sorry attempt to teach patriotism, and it will cost the State some $160,000 to carry it out. But when devout men, old soldiers, Republicans, Democrats, *et al.*, determine that what they don't like in the law they won't have, anarchists may well shout for joy. And this county is the home of the Vice-President, of ex-Gov. Fifer; here David Davis lived, and other notables.

And now comes the September issue of the *Educational Review*, with a vivid denunciation of the law regarding instruction in temperance in New York, and setting forth the same old nullifying resolutions that we have heard of elsewhere, declaring what will and what will not be done till the next Legislature meets, by the teachers of New York. The law may be very bad, but its enforcement will cause its repeal if we are to believe the current remark. But everywhere at present is taught, by workingmen's bodies, by school directors, and by teachers also, it seems, that the thing to do is to rebel, go to the courts (during the time when we are not denouncing them for other decisions), and so rid ourselves of the annoyance—and likewise of any sense of loyalty to authority. Is not this disposition among us, after all, as suspicious an influence as good men are fighting? Agitation is helpful, and denunciation permissible; but open and defiant disobedience of law still remains a subject for penalty, at least upon the statute-books.

Charles M. Moss.

University of Illinois, Urbana, September 28, 1895.

SUPPRESSION BY THE PRESS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The action of our new Republican "reform" Mayor in the matter of the "Lake front" should be of more than local interest. That a politician, of either party, should sacrifice the interests of the city to those of a railroad corporation is nothing new, but there is a serious novelty in the fact that none of the city newspapers expose the swindle.

In the bargain made by the Mayor, the Illinois Central Railroad Company gets about ten or fifteen million dollars' worth of property in exchange for some work which it is to do, mostly for its own benefit, that will cost about one million. The railroad also conveys about six acres of land to the city; but as the land is submerged, and the road reserves the right of navigation over it, the conveyance is of no apparent value except to mislead the public.

Whatever mention is made by the press of this city of this matter is brief enough, and in vague praise of the Mayor for "settling the old controversy" between the road and the city. In brief, in the face of the facts, the newspapers have made the Mayor very popular and made his reëlection possible.

There is one question which affects the interests of the whole country: Where are the people to learn the facts about public men and public measures when great private interests are involved?—Yours truly,

Edwin Brainard.

Chicago, September 26, 1895.

Notes.

Mr. Percival Lowell will make a book of his papers on the planet Mars, and it will bear the imprint of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., who will also bring out 'Later Lyrics,' short poems excerpted by Mr. T. B. Aldrich from his later volumes of verse.

The Fleming H. Revell Co. have nearly ready 'Persian Life and Customs,' by the Rev. S. G. Wilson; 'Rambles in Japan,' by Canon Tristram of Durham Cathedral; and a Life of John Livingston Nevius, for forty years a missionary in China, by his wife.

In addition to Dr. Elliott Coues's reprint of 'The Expeditions of Zebulon Montgomery Pike,' Francis P. Harper is on the point of bringing out 'North American Shore Birds,' by Daniel Giraud Elliot, ex-president of the American Ornithologists' Union, with 74 full-page plates drawn by Edwin Sheppard.

Frederick A. Stokes Co. publish immediately 'A Century of German Lyrics,' translated by Mrs. Kate Freiligrath Kroeker.

The Rev. Dr. John Stoughton's 'Lights and Shadows of Church Life' will be published in this country by A. S. Barnes & Co.

A new boys' book, by Col. Thos. W. Knox, 'Hunters Three; or, Sport and Adventure in Africa,' is in the press of E. P. Dutton & Co.

The forthcoming concluding volume of Ward, Lock & Bowden's edition of Henry Kingsley's novels will contain 'The Boy in Grey, and Other Stories,' together with a biographical sketch of the novelist by his nephew, Maurice (son of Charles) Kingsley.

'The American Jew as Patriot, Soldier, and Citizen,' by Simon Wolf, will be issued by the Levytype Co. of Philadelphia.

By reason of his occasional verse, Whittier is a poet whose work lends itself readily to the compilation of a year-book such as Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have just brought out. J. Q. Adams, Sumner, Garrison, John Brown, Halleck, Bryant, Holmes, Lowell, Starr King, Bayard Taylor, Gen. W. F. Bartlett, Mrs. Child, Mrs. Sigourney, Channing, Joseph Sturge, Fredrika Bremer, Burns, Wordsworth, are some of the historic names commemorated; worthy, one might suggest, of portrait vignettes by way of decoration.

The sixth volume of Mr. Henry B. Wheatley's edition of Pepys's Diary (London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan) extends from October 1, 1666, to June 30, 1667, a period of the greatest disorder in the finances and discipline of the navy, ending in De Ruyter's alarming ascent of the Medway. London was

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being slowly rebuilt and reformed after the great fire, whose embers still smouldered and whose fearful impression was still fresh in the minds of the anxious inhabitants. Of gossip and detraction the Diary is as full as ever, and Pepys is even more than usually indebted to the editor for a decent veiling with dots of his unbridled incontinence.

Those who believe that there is still any vitality in the Italian school of painting are apt to refer one to Domenico Morelli as a modern Italian painter who is really great. Mr. Ashton R. Willard's 'Sketch of the Life and Work' of this artist (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) may therefore be welcomed as an attempt to satisfy a legitimate curiosity. It is a thin buckram-covered volume of 67 pages, with eight heliotype illustrations, one of them a portrait. The text is mainly biographical, and is free from extravagant laudation if also from criticism. The character of the reproductions from Morelli's paintings will hardly convince the thoughtful of his greatness. To speak frankly, his work is essentially of the frivolously picturesque kind common to modern Italian art, whether in painting or in sculpture. The head of the "Dying Christ" is as brutally realistic in conception as Bonnat's, while it has nothing of the redeeming accuracy, force, and solidity of drawing and modelling of the Frenchman's work. The Italian is formless and flabby, and his highest qualities are a tricky facility of handling, a brilliancy without depth of color, and, sometimes, a sugary prettiness of sentiment.

Did Heinrich Heine during his twenty-five years' residence in Paris become "un écrivain francisé," as Henniquin calls him; or did he, during this long period of voluntary expatriation, remain an essentially German author? This question has often been discussed, and sometimes with no little acrimony. Saint-René Taillandier, Édouard Grenier, Alexandre Weill, and other eminent authorities have asserted that, so far from being "Frenchified," he never acquired even a tolerably correct literary use of the French language. This statement has been resented by some of Heine's admirers as a characteristic expression of Gallic conceit and hypercriticism. The recently published volume of Louis P. Betz entitled 'Heine in Frankreich: eine literarhistorische Untersuchung' (Zurich: Müller) gives an entertaining and quite exhaustive account of Heine's life in Paris, and contains specimens of letters written by him in French nearly every line of which is marred by unpardonable blunders.

The thirtieth annual volume of the 'Jahrbuch des Schweizer Alpenclub,' edited by Dr. Dübi and published by Schmid, Francke & Co., at Berne, is an illustrated octavo of 500 pages. The text is not confined to records of adventure, but contains some valuable contributions to science, such as "Was ist Föhn?" by Blumer-Zweifel, and "Die freien Bauern im Algäu," by Meyer von Kronau. A supplement contains six large views of high mountain scenery, and a list of recent additions to the library of the club.

'Lebensbilder aus dem Zeitalter der Reformation,' by R. Voss (Halle: Niemeyer), is the title of No. 23 of *Schriften für das deutsche Volk*, published by the Verein für Reformationsgeschichte. The brochure is a biographical sketch of Dr. Lucas Geizklofer, a native of Sterzing in the Tyrol, and gives a curious picture of the beliefs and customs prevailing among German Protestants in the sixteenth century, some of them quaint and harmless, and others fanatical and cruel. It was not uncommon in those "good old times" for a traveller to make the acquaintance of an apparently respectable householder who had lost his wife, and to learn on further inquiry that she had been recently burned as a witch.

A ten-cent catalogue of English fiction, French fiction, and juvenile works has just been issued in good style by the Public Library of Peoria, Ill. The French fiction fills but a page. The juvenile section is classified.

The attention of readers and buyers may be directed to the 'Catalogue Raisonné of World-Literature,' edited by Ernst Lemcke for B. Westermann & Co., the first two sections being German and French literature respectively, for the classics and belles-lettres. The appreciations of each writer whose works are enumerated are sufficient, if brief. The best translations into English are noted.

Number nine of "Münchener Beiträge zur Romanischen und Englischen Philologie," edited by Profs. Breymann and Koeppel of Munich and published by Boehme in Erlangen, is an English dissertation of 160 pages, entitled "Methodism in the Light of the English Literature of the Last Century," by Dr. J. Albert Swallow. A succinct historical survey of the rise and early growth of Methodism, with brief biographical sketches of John and Charles Wesley and George Whitefield, is followed by quotations from contemporary plays, poems, magazine articles, essays, published letters, and novels, showing the drift of popular opinion concerning Methodists and their teachings, more especially during the latter half of the eighteenth century. As the adherents of the new sect were strongly opposed to the theatre, the stage naturally took revenge by satirizing and caricaturing their persons and principles and holding them up to ridicule, as, for example, in Samuel Foote's "Minor," "A Trip to Calais" and "The Author," Henry Fielding's now-forgotten farce "Miss Lucy in Town," R. Hill's "The Gospel Shop," which was "suppressed at the particular request of some eminent divines," and "The Methodist," a low catchpenny comedy, published anonymously and advertised as a sequel to Foote's "Minor," but really written by a certain Israel Pottinger. The Methodists were also caricatured by Hogarth in the engraving "Credulity, Superstition, and Fanaticism," representing the interior of a conventicle with a ranting preacher and a sanctimonious audience. There are citations from Sterne's 'Tristram Shandy,' Richardson's 'Sir Charles Grandison,' Smollett's 'Humphrey Clinker,' Fielding's 'Joseph Andrews,' and minor works of fiction now deservedly consigned to oblivion, as well as from the periodical literature of that time. Dr. Swallow has made a diligent if not exhaustive study of the subject. Theological writings are not considered.

The New Century Educational Company, Boston and New York, sends us three boxes of cards figured to show certain domestic animals, leaves, and national flags, with and without inscription, for childish instruction. The leaves, having a photographic or zincographic origin, seem to us the best of the series.

The third of the series of articles on new British markets, now in course of publication in the *Nineteenth Century*, is by Capt. Lugard, whose subject is tropical Africa. This region presents an entirely different problem from China and Thibet, the countries previously treated. There the question is how to break down the barriers which prevent more or less dense populations, partially civilized, from buying British goods in exchange for their own products. Here the resources of countries sparsely peopled but easily accessible are to be developed. The two great obstacles at present to the expansion of trade are the gin-traffic on the west coast and slavery on the east coast. In reference to the latter, Capt. Lugard quotes from a very recent report of the Consul General at Zanzibar to the effect that the plantations are almost invariably heavily mortgaged to British-Indian traders, and that the nominally Arab owners are in reality only managers. The true owners in this way escape from liability, as British subjects, to a criminal process for owning and employing slaves. The products of which there is the greatest promise in Eastern Africa are cotton and coffee, the soil and climate of districts of vast extent being apparently admirably suited to their cultivation. The coffee of the Shiré highlands, introduced only sixteen years ago, ranks among the highest-class coffees in the market, the maximum price being nearly twice that of Brazilian coffee.

The principal article in the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for September is a description of Iceland from the point of view of a volcanist, by Dr. J. Johnston-Lavis, Professor of Vulcanology in the Royal University of Naples. While most of it is purely technical, there is an interesting passage on the influence of the winds in denuding the soil. In exposed places if but a small hole is made in the turf and left unstopped, the field and perhaps the farm is doomed. The frost scales up a layer of earth which on drying crumbles and is carried away by the wind, and the hole gradually increases like a corroding ulcer, until, in a year or two, a fertile meadow is reduced to a bare rock surface. The greatest need of the Icelander, he concludes, is good roads, by which he might easily send to the trading-ports his abundant dairy products, meat, and fish, and receive in return wood for building, coal, and flour.

A new departure at the University of Pennsylvania is the addition of an astronomical observatory. Its erection is already begun. When completed, it is designed to furnish better facilities not only for instruction, but for original research as well. The new edifice is two miles from the limits of Philadelphia and about five miles from the university buildings. The instruments are an eighteen-inch equatorial, with spectroscope attachment, by Brashear of Allegheny, and a meridian circle and zenith telescope each of four inches aperture, also by Brashear. The mountings are by Warner and Swasey of Cleveland. This institution will be known as the Flower Observatory, and its director is Prof. C. L. Doolittle, formerly of the Lehigh University at South Bethlehem.

Mr. Veeder of Lyons, New York, presented at the Springfield meeting of the American Association a careful table showing the connection between magnetic storms and sun-spots. The authority for faculæ and sun-spots fully formed or in process of formation at the sun's eastern limb is obtained from the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, and the record of magnetic disturbances is the result of tracings recorded by the declination magnetograph in Washington. Every evidence of spot formation, and every group of faculæ recorded at Greenwich, and the extent of every magnetic perturbation recorded at Washington are taken into account. While this information is supplemental in various ways, and the table is intended (so far as it goes) to be authentic beyond dispute, rather than comprehensive in respect to every detail, its results are undoubtedly suggestive, and may have the effect

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of leading to improved methods of statement and publication of the data requisite for a better comprehension of this intricate subject, which so far is understood in only the most general way.

The first annual report of the Pasteur Institute in Stuttgart, which has been just issued, states that in 1894 the laboratory produced and distributed matter for the inoculation of 12,266 domestic animals as a preventive of *Rothlauf* (St. Anthony's fire) in swine and *Milzbrand* (gangrene) in sheep and horned cattle, resulting in the reduction of the cases of death from these diseases from 30 and even 40 per cent. to ½ per cent.

—The fact of William Penn's imprisonment in the Tower of London, in early life, is well known. A correspondent of the *Nation*, now in England, who has recently had access to the records of the Privy Council Office, Whitehall, sends the following extract, made by him, from the minutes of the proceedings of the Council, upon consideration, at the Board, of a petition from Admiral Sir William Penn, with reference to his son's "late ffaylings." Unfortunately, the petition itself is not preserved at the Privy Council Office :

Minutes of the proceedings of the Privy Council, held at the Court at Whitehall, the 31st March 1669.

Present
The Kings Most Excellent Maty
&c &c &c &c

Bishop of London to proceed in ye Examinacon of Pen's scandalous Booke. | The humble petition of Sir William Penn being this day read at the Boord, setting forth that ye late ffaylings of His Son William Penn by his departure from ye Protestant Religion hath been, & still is his very great Affliction, the Education he bestowed upon him being such as could have no tendency to those Courses by which he hath incurred his Maties Displeasure, yet for as much as the Petr is not without hopes that God will in due time reclaime him, and being confident, that he will act nothing to ye Prejudice of His Maties Government : and being informed, That he hath given reasonable good satisfaction to those worthy persons who were appointed to examine him, He most humbly prayed that His Maty would be graciously pleased to give Order for his Liberty, which His Maty having taken into Consideration, and also that the Booke printed & published by the said William Penn Intituled [Sandy ffoundations shaken, &c.] conteyneth in it severall dangerous & blasphemous Haeresies to ye scandal of ye Christian Religion, Did this day Order & require the Rt Reverend Father in God the Lord Bp of London to take cognizance & to proceed to ye Examination and judging of ye said Haereticall Opinions according to such Rules & fformes as belong to ye Ecclesiasticall court by the Lawes of this Kingdome, & in such manner as hath been formerly accustomed in like cases. And to that end It was further Ordered by His Maty That Sr John Robinson, Knt. & Bart Lieutenant of ye Tower of London be, and he is hereby required freely to permit Citations & Processes to be served upon the said William Penn within ye Tower of London, wch shall be issued out by the Bp of London in this Cause of Haeresy & also to suffer ye said William Penn in company of a Keeper & sufficient Guard to make his Appearance in ye Consistory of ye said Bp.

—The new volume of Mr. Douglas Brymner's report on the Canadian Archives (1895) has a special interest for historical students. It contains a very full calendar of the papers in the English records relating to Nova Scotia, and develops the intimate connection between that province and New England—a connection, it must be admitted, which savored more of disconnection, by reason of the intensely bitter feeling displayed against the French. The fisheries first attracted attention to the possible importance of the coast, and these fisheries were enjoyed by English, French, and New England fishing-vessels. As early as 1711 the promise of copper, fur, feathers, masting, and naval stores was held out as an inducement to settlers; but fur and fish were the staple products, and even they gave no ground for settlement, as all supplies were brought at so great a cost from Boston. This mercantile interest, added to fishing-profits, whetted the desires of New England to enjoy a monopoly of the region, and so we find the Boston representatives occasionally proposing to "take a tour to humble the villanous French inhabitants," as they are "snakes in their bosoms," and much more to the same effect, where humiliation really means pounds, shillings, and pence, or, even more openly, plunder. The rich collection of papers relating to the expedition against Louisburg, and the later history of the Loyalist settlements, gives material for the history of the United States. Mr. Brymner deserves high praise for his energy and intelligence in planning and executing a series of reports of so rich a nature. Who was the Lieut. John Washington, at Annapolis Royal in 1721, who "most impudently endeavored to bully and blacken" the reputation of the Governor and garrison by a "multitude of false and vilest Assertions and Insinuations," and by "malicious, scandalous, and vile underhand and unwarrantable representations"? He must have been an interesting character.

—"'Tis forty years since" Mommsen's 'History of Rome' first appeared in the German. It seems now strange enough that a book which has become so familiar should ever have needed the formal introduction and recommendation of a German (Dr. Schmitz) which was prefixed to Dr. Dickson's first English translation of it in 1861. Two years earlier, Freeman had already pronounced that it was the best history of Rome in existence, and his dictum still remains as true as ever. Dr. Dickson's translation, revised in 1868, is now again revised from the eighth German edition (New York: Scribners). The numerous corrections, transpositions, and additions in this (probably the final) form of the work show that the hand of the master has not wearied in spite of his years. This fact is well exemplified by the present shape of the chapter on the early constitution, where the treatment of the infant community with the distribution of its clans, and the study of their functions, have been thoroughly reëxamined. In the etymologies, too, suggested for the oldest words, such as *Ramnes* and *Quiris*, there are great improvements, and the topography also has been brought well up to date of the latest investigations (though *Roma Quadrata* still figures as the name of the Palatine city). Nor has the translator been idle. Although some of his sentences are still too long to please an English ear, nevertheless Dr. Dickson, in this version, has succeeded better than before in transmitting to us the delightfully familiar and often almost colloquial style which is one of the charms of the original work. The *index* is greatly enlarged, and the five handsomely bound and well-printed volumes are a credit to the publishers.

—'Jean Jacques Rousseau et les Origines du Cosmopolitisme Littéraire,' by Joseph Texte (Paris: Hachette), is a book which no reader, however wide his reading or however settled his opinion concerning Rousseau, will lay aside without a modified and heightened sense of his marvellous genius. The origin of the exotic, cosmopolitan tendency in modern French literature is traced beyond the Romantic movement to Rousseau, "the man who did most to awaken in France the taste, the need for the literature of the North." Boileau had to learn from Addison that there existed such a thing as English poetry; Louis XIV., having some curiosity as to whether England possessed authors and scholars, was informed by his ambassador, Cominges, that "a certain Miltonius" had rendered himself infamous by his dangerous writings. Such was the ignorance of the leading minds in France with respect to English letters late in the seventeenth century. By the middle of the eighteenth century the social and intellectual influence of England had grown very strong in France. Anglomania had reached its height when the 'Nouvelle Héloïse' appeared. The working of this change through the religious refugees, through Muralt, Prévost, Voltaire, forms the contents of the first section of M. Texte's book. Jean Jacques shared the admiration of his contemporaries for England; he had been strongly influenced by Muralt, from whom he often borrows. Five chapters are devoted to the various channels by which his mind was filled with English ideas, beginning with the close relations, especially in the last century, between England and Geneva, and the native element in Rousseau, which made him the most powerful bond between the genius of the North and that of the South of Europe. That from this fertile union in the person of Jean Jacques of the Latin genius and the German genius the literary cosmopolitanism in France was born, our author endeavors to show in the last third of his volume. The work bears proof of the soundest scholarship and of a thorough familiarity with the literature both of England and of France in the eighteenth century; and no student of either can afford to neglect it. We doubt whether a better presentation of Richardson's influence has ever been made. As a contribution to the study of comparative literature the book occupies the highest rank and will be of permanent value.

—The Bavarian Minister of Public Instruction, Herr von Landmann, recently addressed to the rectors of the humanistic gymnasia an official circular, in which he urged that some efficient means be devised to diminish the number of young men who seek admission to these institutions, but who are utterly unfit to pursue the course of study prescribed. At present the lower forms are crowded with pupils who have neither taste nor talent for classical learning, and who for the most part fail to reach the ninth class, or are fatally plucked at the end of it. They are thus intellectually crippled for life by a specious and superficial culture, and become, as is truly said, a "public calamity." The minister would seek to remedy this evil by imposing more rigorous conditions of admission, showing less indulgence in granting dispensations from studies and from the payment of tuition-fees, and especially by enlightening the minds of parents as to the best interests of their children. It is highly improbable, however, that these measures would bring the desired relief. In the first place, certain families deem it due to their rank or social position that their sons should enter the humanistic gymnasium, no matter what their mental endowments or natural proclivities may be. In the second place, the Government encourages this tendency by attaching certain privileges to the pursuit of a course of study in a humanistic gymnasium both as regards the military and civil service. If Bavaria would abolish these privileges, as

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Prussia has already done to a considerable extent, an abatement of the evil complained of would be at once perceptible, and the thousands who now throng the portals of the gymnasium as the surest way to preferment, would turn into less frequented and more useful paths of life. The same is true, although perhaps in a less degree, of the German military academy. Many parents, especially those of noble blood, think the only career possible for their sons is that of an officer in the army. When the young man has reached the grade of lieutenant, or often not before he has been promoted to that of major, he is found to be devoid of the proper qualities, and is therefore retired from active service and placed on the pension list. Thus hundreds of men, in the full vigor of their physical powers, become comparatively useless members of society and a burden to the state. The root of this evil is the traditional prejudice against commercial and manufacturing pursuits and other occupations supposed to be plebeian.

—There are now, in all, probably two hundred Koreans studying in Japan. One party of 113 arrived in Tokyo in May, and it is said that the whole number officially chosen to go to Japan for study amounts to three hundred. The Korean Government is evidently encouraged in this by the authorities in Tokyo, the amount granted to each student being but fifteen yen per month, though even this amount, or about eight dollars in gold, is fairly liberal for a Korean. Most of the lads are sons of noblemen. Almost all these students go into Mr. Fukuzawa's famous school; the "grand old man," the "intellectual father of one-half of the young men in the Government offices" in Japan, being a great favorite with the Korean Liberals. In the second contingent, the appointees are to be chosen on account of abilities irrespective of birth. On their journey by steamer and rail to the Mikado's city, the tunnels seem to have impressed them most. In her attempted reforms, Korea suffers, as Japan did not, from not having, as Japan did, a large body of educated men who, by the weight of their opinion and power of intelligent action, were able to swing the nation out of the Chinese into the Western world of ideas. Korea is now attempting to raise up such a class out of the materials at hand. Of scholars, pure and simple, of bookmen, professors, cloistered readers, and intriguing nobles, she has no lack. It is to be seen whether she has statesmen and patriots.

RECENT NOVELS.

Philip and his Wife. By Margaret Deland. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Story of Christian Rochefort. By Helen Choate Prince. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Vengeance of James Van Sittart. By Mrs. J. H. Needell. D. Appleton & Co.

Fidelis. By Ada Cambridge. D. Appleton & Co.

How Thankful Was Bewitched. By James K. Hosmer. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Adventures of Captain Horn. By Frank R. Stockton. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Peak and Prairie. By Anna Fuller. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

MRS. DELAND'S novels remind one of the child who asked, "If bulls were not made so that red made them mad, would a bull get angry when he saw red?" Her problems are as intricate as this, and of equal bearing on actual life. Sometimes it is a man who repudiates his wife because she does not believe in damnation; *again it is a father who will not let his* daughter marry because we must all die; and again, as on the present occasion, it is a man who wishes a separation from his wife, not chiefly because he has ceased to love her, nor for the sake of the welfare of his child, but for the salvation of his own soul, "for the honor of marriage"—asserting his conviction "that this preservation of their individual integrity would in the end, by its effect upon her character, more than compensate Molly [the child] for any pain and embarrassment which would come to her." No one will deny that Cecil was a most injudicious mother. The trouble seems to have been that she had "the passion, not of motherhood but of the mother—the dam," and that Philip "was a man capable of sustained ecstasy" and "lived upon a high plateau of noble idealism," though this is not easy to affirm, since he is so ill-defined a character that his motive is as difficult to discern as that of the book. Sometimes he wears an appearance of disinterestedness: "Can't we put self out of it? can't it be because it is right?" (of his wished-for divorce) he asks ("hoarsely" after the manner of the throat troubled man of novels). He explains "gently" to a friend that "real divorce takes place without a decree," talks loftily of "the long estrangement in thought and motive and principle," and at times professes to be thinking only of the child. But again it is said of him that "the citadel of his spirituality where self had entrenched herself was absolutely fast"—as it certainly was; and his reasons for wishing the divorce seem to have been that "except when he teased her with visions and ecstasies, Cecil made his life full of lazy and beautiful comfort." Having meant to be an artist, he turned into a lover, and "all the solemn glory and whiteness of love went out, as a star in heaven might be blotted from a man's sight by the roar of some hot fire here on his little earth"; so, finding love to be "this supremest expression of self," he falls into bitter remorse over it. Another cause for divorce was that when the child was born his wife "caressed it in a way that made him sometimes turn away his eyes." Having "thought to marry a beautiful soul, he had married instead a beautiful body," and, in the "silences of his luxurious living," "high demands" spoke: "Is not marriage without love as spiritually illegal as love without marriage is civilly illegal?" So that it is not quite clear whether he is meant to win sympathy for the "insulting of his heavenly vision," or blame for letting his "own conception of duty weigh against accepted standards," or admiration for his theory that "public morals will not suffer for private virtue"; virtue here meaning to leave an unloved wife. Whatever the writer meant him for, hero, martyr, or rogue, the reader will in most cases, we fancy, agree with the friend who remarks to Philip, "Damn you, you're not worth saving!" The discovery that the friend is in love with the wife annoys Philip, but not to the extent of sending him back to take care of her; and on second thought he is greatly pleased with the friend for confessing, and calls him "a good man."

As usual, the padding of village chronicle is the best part of Mrs. Deland's book. Naturally, there is a great deal of talk in the village about divorce, but we cannot see that anything is contributed to the subject, or even that one can ascertain the author's views, or, worse yet, the views of her characters. Hair-splitting has its part to play in the realm of fiction; but it befuddles the reader and wastes the time of the publisher to insist that the *hairs shall be from the tail of an unthinkable* dog.

'The Story of Christine Rochefort' is written by one who says better than she constructs, and is rather a vehicle for views on socialism than a story, although the manfulness of the effort to make and keep it a story is deserving of recognition. There is little sequence in the incidents, but they are told with finish and ease. The views of the red-handed socialist who longs to wade ankle-deep in blood to equality; of the benevolent manufacturer who is always planning model lodgings for his employees, but will not yield to strikes; of the abbé who loves his poor, but believes in paternal government; of the young and beautiful wife who in turn adopts each set of opinions (her husband's, luckily, last)—all these views are amply rehearsed, the abbé's with some eloquence; but in getting themselves connected with the story they creak audibly. The mob riots gently, the assassin stabs neatly, the lovers love curably, the whole moves as made, not born. Even the wit of the book, which is furnished by a cynical grandmother and is at times amusing, is oddly detached from the narrative, and thrusts itself out of perspective as one who shoots forth the lip. There is, however, enough matter well put to give gratification to the novel-readers who care more for intelligence than for cohesion.

Mrs. Needell has the veritable Englishwomen's knack at writing and at inventing a slight plot and building it out with infinite detail into a long, monotonous, dreary, readable, interesting novel. That omnipresent, omniscient doctor of theirs, with his rugged sweetness and his hospitals and his convalescents; that semi-cynical lady of rank who brings with her the drawing-room element of the story; those English school-boys and girls; that paragon elder sister; those wicked rich relatives and that timely apoplexy; that inevitable cab-accident; that miraculous rescue—how familiar it all is! When the plot grows so thick that there is danger of the novel coming to a premature close, what easier than to get up a case of illness on the Continent and send the perfect doctor thither? When the superfluous husband is falling into consumption before the required three hundred and fifty pages are written, what happier than to revive him, put him at bee-raising, and let him live to sudden death at the revengeful uncle's funeral? And always and continually—whether tempests roar, or incidents flag, or health or sickness sway the hour—ring for the lights and serve tea. Tea in inky floods!—it is the English woman novelist's comma punctuating all her pages. Long may she flourish and write such plodding, ploughing books for the mental calm of the novel-reading mind. Innocent occupation, if not precisely literature, they have a place in the world's affections beside the old oaken bucket and the harmless, necessary peanut. Nor is a book without a mission that holds such bits of philosophy as these, out of many: "There is only one way of bearing a remediless trouble—to ignore it and go straight on." "A sense—the most fatal and damaging that can invade the soul—that it was not worth while."

Very different is the pace of Ada Cambridge's latest novel. Here is no fine, old-fashioned writing, no plodding or tarrying. Though full of detail, it speeds along without haste, without rest, till the tale is told. Philosophy there is in abundance, more humor-shot than Mrs. Needell's, and also something

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more cheerfully worldly and more touched with sentiment. It is the humor of Thackeray and of Du Maurier, and their prodigious, unsentimental sentiment. It is, indeed, in no detraction from the book that one notes that without Du Maurier 'Fidelis' would never have been written, or would have been written differently. It is the work not so much of an imitator as of an absorbent, and in the story of Adam Drewe's life, from tormented childhood up to honored middle age, we find loving reflections of the great luminary. The original flavor of Ada Cambridge is not lost but enriched by being engrafted on a sturdy stock. Her pictures of Australia and of rural England are as attractive as ever, her story better than ever. In 'Fidelis' she has not only advanced beyond herself, but has written one of the best little novels of the year.

'How Thankful Was Bewitched' is a story of the French and Indian wars. The scene is at first a frontier Puritan village, then changes, with the fortunes of Thankful, the heroine, to Canada and a Jesuit settlement, and later to the very wilderness itself. An interesting chronicle is made of life in those days of romantic hazard; of the customs of Puritan, priest, and savage, and of the wild, roving existence which became the portion of a well-born woman carried a captive from the smoking ruins of her village home. The mystery attached to a Jesuit church-bell goes hand in hand with the story of Thankful, and the whole makes a pretty and absorbing tale of love, adventure, and history.

Love, adventure, and extravaganza make up Mr. Stockton's story, which is of the most ingeniously inventive, the most gravely humorous. Nor let any one think it a book of toy adventure; real blood flows, real cut-throats and pirates people the pages of our whilom gentle author. That all may not be lost of the humor we associate with his name, an old lady from Maine is one of the heroines, and well does her nature, compounded of Yankee and Stockton, show up against the gore. The treasure-trove—the heaps of gold which are the basis of all the adventures—is enough to inflame the mind of Tammany Hall; and one is ready to call it a dangerous suggestion even to read of such booty were it not for the delightful altruism which sends the lucky finders tramping over the earth to put the gold in the hands that might have found it, but did not. The crowning touch of humor is reserved for the last paragraphs, where wealth overtakes an old Scotch woman as she is starting for the poor-house, and changes her meek lamentations into the pride of patronage and the joyful explosiveness of the virago.

Miss Fuller's Colorado sketches—several of them reprinted from periodicals—form a series of views of life on ranch, in mining-camp, in growing town, breathing every one of the presence of Pike's Peak with an almost personal affection. The sketches, like others from Miss Fuller's pen, are full of freshness and interest; the characters are often original and always well outlined; and the enthusiasm for the pure air, the sea-like prairie, and the snowy peaks communicates itself perforce to the reader. In every paper there is a thought and a picture, while the reappearance of several of the persons in the different numbers of the series gives to the little drama continuity and life.

M. Stambuloff. By A. Hulme Beaman. With six portraits. Frederick Warne & Co. 1895.

Mr. Beaman's sketch of Stambuloff shows in every page the hand of an Englishman and of a friend. English diplomacy and the English press have always served the national party in Bulgaria, and we detect here the strain which long pervaded Mr. O'Conor's Sofia despatches to the *Times*. The English journalist in the Balkans is bound to be a Russophobe, and Mr. Beaman makes no secret of his proclivities. Political sympathy and snipe-shooting were the bonds of an intimacy between him and Stambuloff which was broken only by death. For Zankoff, Karavéloff, Stoiloff, and all others who are tainted with panslavism, he has nothing but censure. Stambuloff is to him the hero of the struggle against Russia's overweening influence in southeastern Europe, the only statesman in a crowd of truckling and self-seeking politicians.

A biographer fails unless he is sympathetic, and Mr. Beaman would have been less interesting had he been more judicial. The passions of Bulgarian public life are well reflected in his pages. He deals with a land where the conspirator of yesterday and the dictator of to-day readily becomes the victim of to-morrow's yataghan. It would be strange if he wrote with the calm of Gardiner or Lord Acton. Stambuloff was the son of a Tirnovo inn-keeper, "who broke his birth's invidious bar, and grasped the skirts of happy chance." At the age of eighteen he was expelled from Russia for nihilism; at twenty-five he was a member of the Chamber which protested against the treaty of Berlin; at thirty-two he was the most powerful of the three regents who were appointed on the resignation of Prince Alexander of Battenberg; from 1886 to 1894 he was virtual ruler of Bulgaria and known to all the world. When we add that for a year before his death he was able to fix within 300 yards the spot of his ultimate assassination, it will be seen that his career furnishes every material which is required by the spasmodic drama.

Mr. Beaman gives much new information concerning Stambuloff's early life and his part in the abortive risings against Turkey. His character appears to advantage in those days of constant hardship and hazard. He never spared himself, and was hopeful in the midst of failures for which he had to bear the reproaches of his comrades. He was an admirable revolutionist. Unfortunately, when he came to power he was forced to control the bandits with whom he had once been allied. Their animosity was soon kindled against him, and when he fell they flocked to Sofia from Servia, and Macedonia, and Thrace. It could have been no difficult matter to arrange the tragedy of July 15.

Stambuloff's constructive work began in the autumn of 1885. "At this period," says Mr. Beaman, "Bulgaria was only vaguely known to the civilized world as a place where atrocities had been perpetrated, but she was not viewed as a factor in European diplomacy, or considered as anything more than a nondescript mushroom creation of the treaty." Then within a twelvemonth came the union of Eastern Rumelia, the Servian war, and the *Coup d'État*. Mr. Beaman's account of Stambuloff's share in these events is excellent, especially when he discusses the intricate matter of the kidnapping and its consequences. The theme of the concluding chapters is Stambuloff's attempt to make Bulgaria something more than a pawn in the great chess-match of the lower Danube. Those who are interested in the country apart from its international relations will get nothing particularly new from this section of Mr. Beaman's book. Stambuloff's domestic administration, his system of conducting elections, his attempts to promote economic development receive scant attention, while his fight against the Conservative party and Russia is minutely treated. In an elaborate biography this omission would be serious, but we pass over it lightly in a portrait sketch which belongs to an international series.

Mr. Beaman has nothing to say in apology for Stambuloff's conduct after his fall. Theseus's words on the death of Arcite,

> "Thanne is it best as for a worthi fame,
> To dye whan a man is best of name,"

were never more completely justified than by Stambuloff's ignoble decline. Up to the time of his rupture with Prince Ferdinand he had disclosed no fatal weakness. He did many harsh, probably brutal, things after the Beltcheff and Vulkovitch murders, but his acts were those of the "strong man defending his house." His course throughout the last year of his life was simply fatuous. The *Hamburger-Nachrichten* during Bismarck's eclipse was a model of self-restraint in comparison with the exasperated *Svoboda*. Nothing but grave defect of character can account for ravings which dismayed Stambuloff's friends as much as they rejoiced his enemies. "Son œuvre fut si colossale que personne autre que lui-même pourrait la détruire. Eh bien! il le fait avec ses propres mains." These are words of one who was no enemy. And Mr. Beaman, with every good wish for Stambuloff's cause, is without hope for its future. "With Stambuloff disappears the only real adversary capable of holding the country against the Russophils."

The Oxford Movement in America; or, Glimpses of Life in an Anglican Seminary. By Rev. Clarence E. Walworth, St. Mary's Church, Albany. New York: The Catholic Book Exchange.

There are Episcopalians who are so much interested in the Oxford Movement that they imagine themselves indifferent to nothing concerning it, but these glimpses of certain aspects of it as it reproduced itself in the Theological Seminary on Chelsea Square, New York, will subject their enthusiasm to a severe and painful test. The Rev. Thomas Mozley's Oxford Reminiscences were sufficiently disenchanting in some of their disclosures. They were a kind of comic version of Newman's 'Apologia.' But, with all their cynicism and malignity, they labored under no such necessity to minimize the Anglican church and the Tractarian Movement as do the Reminiscences of Mr. Walworth, who by way of that movement passed from that church into the Roman Catholic. To write down the Episcopal Church, to make it appear worldly and foolish and illogical and absurd, is a purpose which these pages do not endeavor to conceal, and could not if they would. But it is not as if the Episcopal Church in America, or even the Tractarian Movement as it was here developed, were co-extensive with the antics of a few boys in a seminary drunk with the new wine of the Tractarian vintage. The sub-title is the true title of the book, and the reader must be on his guard against the narrowness of the *tantum* which Mr. Walworth saw, and against the levity of his disposition, which infects everything he touches with a trivial appearance. No attempt is made to represent his conversion as a matter involving serious thought and feeling. As he had become an Episcopalian by a process of mere chance and drift, so by a similar process he became a

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Roman Catholic; all of his changes being due to the mere restlessness of self-conscious adolescence. The amount of thought that went to them was hardly so much as would justify a change of clothing in the spring or fall.

It does not follow that he has not written in a bright and interesting manner for the general reader of the teapot tempest that the Tractarian literature and rumor raised in the theological seminary. The period of his residence coincided with the years 1843-45, the years that saw in England Pusey's suspension, Newman's secession, and the collapse of the Tractarian Movement. Here, as in England, Newman's followers bettered his instruction and got to Rome a little in advance of him. A group of students were diligent readers of 'Tract 90,' Ward's 'Ideal Church,' and the Tractarian literature generally; the professors looking on with cautious sympathy or mild distrust. The group had its crank, McMaster, and its saint, Arthur Carey, upon whose character and conduct Mr. Walworth dwells with much elaboration. He was only seventeen when he entered the school, and he remained in residence a year after the completion of his course in 1842, the modest coryphæus of the Tractarian choir. He was a model of irrational piety, reading through his Old Testament three times a year, and his New Testament five. On the eve of his ordination he was put upon his trial for a too lively sympathy with Roman Catholic doctrine and worship. The particulars of the trial, which Mr. Walworth gathers from his own recollections and contemporary documents, give a very good idea of the things to which the Tractarians were inclined and which the Evangelicals feared. The influence of Bishop Onderdonk prevailed, and Carey was acquitted and immediately afterwards ordained maugre the "scandalous interruption" of Drs. Anthon and Smith. In a few months Carey's health broke down, and he died upon a voyage to Havana. If he had lived, he would have reached his Roman destination as soon as Newman, if not sooner.

Carey's acquittal was a shot heard round the Episcopalian world, and stirred up the Evangelical party to new efforts against the set towards "Newmania" and Rome. There was a war of pamphlets in which Bishop Onderdonk took a leading part. In the Diocesan Convention of 1843 he was sharply attacked and routed his enemies. His trial for lascivious immorality, which shortly followed, is represented by Mr. Walworth as inspired by the necessity for a change of tactics if Tractarianism was not to triumph. It suits Mr. Walworth's purposes to represent that the Bishop's conduct would have been overlooked if he had been soundly evangelical, but this is barely possible. What is certain is, that in his fall he dragged down and disgraced the Tractarian cause. But its defeat was far less absolute than Mr. Walworth would have us believe. The crop of converts harvested by the Roman Catholics was small, and with the break-down of the Tractarians as a party there was not here, any more than in England, a negation of their influence, which must not, however, be credited with the ritualistic travesty of Tractarianism developed further on.

In a series of chapters Mr. Walworth makes some invidious comparisons between the Episcopalians and Roman Catholics. The points touched are missions, monasteries, and personal religion. The arguments he uses to attract will probably repel his Protestant readers. They and some Roman Catholics will wonder what use God or man can have for such a rule of life as that copied from Ward's 'Ideal Church.' In his attack on married missionaries there is much wilful obscuration of the grounds on which the Roman Church objects to the marriage of her priests. Heber's verses to his wife are brought up against him, but a good many will think them no discredit to the author of

"From Greenland's icy mountains."

The book is printed carelessly, and for Finney (Rev. Charles G.) we have Phinney at least a dozen times.

Gustave Flaubert as seen in his Works and Correspondence. By John Charles Tarver. D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, 368 pp.

THE above title is a correct one for this volume; that on the back of the cover, "Life and Letters of Gustave Flaubert," is misleading. still more so its abbreviation, "Life of Gustave Flaubert," the running-title of the pages —misleading, because a third of the book, in broken portions, consists of summaries by Mr. Tarver of Flaubert's various works; not analyses, not criticisms, but crude abridgments. Now, Montaigne said, many years ago, "Tout abbrégé sur un bon livre est un sot abbrégé," and no wise man has ever contradicted him. The abridgment by an English intelligence of Flaubert's writings is not likely to change this verdict.

If the title is misleading, the New York imprint is also. The voice is the voice of Jacob: not the hairy Esau of America, but his English brother, who is familiar with "the variations of usage on the two sides of the Channel." So, naturally, the book has English faults; but it has also English virtues, and the note which the first sentence of the introduction strikes, chords with the honest and simple strain of the whole volume. This first sentence speaks of Flaubert as "a man to whom truth seemed the most sacred of all obligations." Such praise honors the praiser. And this sentence makes one almost, but only almost, accept the last sentence of the introduction, which pronounces Flaubert to have been "one of the best and noblest men of the nineteenth century." There is certainly something peculiar in the fact that those who like Flaubert at all seem always to become his warm friends, with an appreciation of the trials of his temperament and circumstances that make them not forget his follies and failures, but care for him the more because of them, and rank even his great literary successes as less important than the expressions of his warm and sorrowful heart. It is, indeed, a strange fate for a man who strove with extravagant sincerity to keep his own personality out of his books, to be loved precisely for his by no means always lovable personality by those who never saw him. This kindliness of never to be requited friendship permeates not unpleasantly all the volume before us, and gives it a moral attraction which intellectually it does not possess.

It would demand an artist of large and cultivated mind, with a tender heart and a skilled hand, to shape the fitting image of Flaubert; to create a figure that should rightly impersonate his joyless strength, his fruitless learning, his groping imagination, his idle industry, his deadening devotion to Art, his misconception of Life and Love, and not less his noble veracity, his deep and sensitive affections, his high-minded simplicities, his life-long generosities of act and deed, his faithful domestic attentions.

The Psychology of Childhood. By Frederick Tracy, Ph.D., Lecturer in Philosophy in the University of Toronto. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

Now that psychologists have begun the study of the speech of children, it may be well to draw attention to the all too common unscientific method of procedure, as illustrated, for example, in Dr. Tracy's thesis. Dr. Tracy evidently brought to the study of the child's language no special training in the science of linguistics, and he betrays remarkable innocence of phonetics, the side of the subject chiefly dealt with. He has made up his tables and drawn his conclusions from reports on children of diverse nationalities, these reports being based on observations made by all sorts of people and preserved in various transcriptions. And he has dealt with his material in such a haphazard fashion that its crudities and gross inaccuracies are evident at a glance. For instance, he undertakes to tell (1) the number of times a sound is supplanted in various parts of words, and (2) the number of times the various supplanting sounds occur. But, strange to say, these sums are rarely equal; they run: 55-51, 38-35, 26-26, 31-25, 29-25, etc. The illustrations are in a jumble; compare *th* (p. 153), where the first and fourth examples illustrate the first statement, the second example the third statement, the third example the second statement, the fifth example the fourth statement, etc. One sample of Dr. Tracy's phonetics will suffice. He had this material: *Tumblie* for *tumbler* (p. 152), *dotta* for *daughter* (p. 155), *dockie* for *doctor* (p. 154); that is, for final written *-er*, *-or* we have a vowel probably ranging between the high-front vowel and a mid-mixed vowel, and in the last word the *t* is dropped. But what does our author say of these? That in *tumblie* for *tumbler*, *r* has become *e*; in *dotta* for *daughter*, *r* has been dropped; in *dockie* for *doctor*, *t* has become *e*. Moreover, we do not know what "*e*" stands for: on page 126 the author says he is going to use it for the sound in *pet*, but we find it only where the child's word has *ie*, evidently some parents' spelling for final *y*, or short *i*. What the sounds were that the various children heard we have no means of knowing, for Dr. Tracy does not seem to have considered that of sufficient importance to bother with.

Legends of Fire Island Beach and the South Side. By Edward Richard Shaw. New York: Lovell, Coryell & Co.

THIS is a volume of short stories inspired by more than an average knowledge of the locality to which they relate. Too much praise cannot be accorded Mr. Shaw for the care he exercises in retaining the original and quaint names of the points and headlands comprised within the limits of the range of beach and shore of which he writes. The seven stories contained in the book are of somewhat uneven quality. The opening one, "The Pot of Gold," is the weakest of the series. It relates to the discovery of buried treasure on the beach of the south side of Long Island. Capt. Robinson, the hero of the tale, is of a type which Mr. Shaw fails to describe with the skill that he displays in the delineation of some of his other characters. He makes Capt. Robinson, the discoverer of the pot of gold, when suddenly confronted with the treasure buried in the sand, assume towards it an attitude more in harmony with that of a citizen of Hoboken upon finding a pocketbook in the street than that of a beach-comber under the inspiration

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of unexpectedly acquired wealth. Then, again, Mr. Shaw is not always consistent in the dialect he employs. In "The Pot of Gold" Capt. Robinson, instead of a stormy speaks of a "monstrous" night—a word which, uttered in this connection in the presence of a genuine beach comber, would cause him greater perturbation and consternation than all the goblins and ghosts of which Mr. Shaw describes him as standing in fear. These little lapses, however, do not materially detract from what are interesting, if somewhat improbable, tales of a locality familiar to a great number of people. The notes at the end of the volume possess exceptional interest.

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